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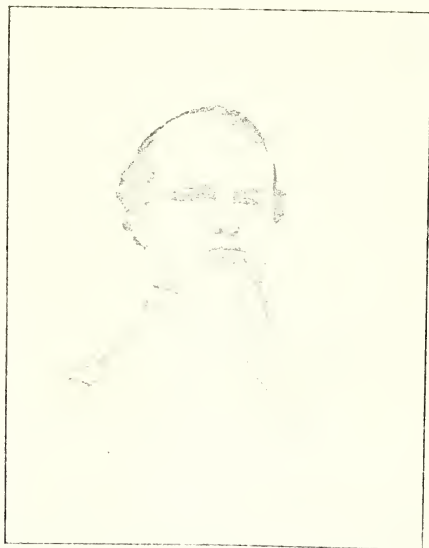
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HISTORY
OF THE
14
FOURTH MAINE BATTERY
LIGHT ARTILLERY
IN THE
CIVIL WAR, 1861-65

Containing a Brief Account of Its Services Compiled from Diaries of Its
Members and Other Sources. Also Personal Sketches of Many
of Its Members and an Account of Its Reunions
from 1882 to 1905

AUGUSTA, MAINE
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CAPTAIN O'NEIL W. ROBINSON, JR.

F Maine artillery. *4th battery, 1861-1865.*

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INTRODUCTION

It is not expected that the contents of this book will be of general interest to the public, but it is intended for, and especially dedicated to, the comrades of the Fourth Maine Battery who are now living, their friends and descendants and those of their deceased comrades.

In its preparation, no attempt at embellishment has been made, and we offer only a plain and authentic story of the everyday life of the soldier of the artillery service in camp and field.

The sources from which this history has been made for the greater part, are diaries which were kept by several of the comrades, among whom were those of Corporal James M. Allen and Arthur T. Chapin; from these and other reliable sources exact dates and records of events have been obtained and are here given.

The work might have appeared earlier but for the death of Comrade Ethel H. Jones, who was one of the committee appointed by the Fourth Maine Battery Association to prepare these records for publication and whose unfinished work has now been completed by others.

Judson Ames, of Foxcroft, has given liberally of time and effort and his determination has at last brought these pages to the comrades who have so long desired to have a suitable record which they might leave to their children and friends.

The Fourth Maine Battery Association was formed at Augusta in 1882 and Algernon S. Bangs of Augusta was the first President and James A. Jones Secretary.

The latter has served faithfully for many years and to his efforts are largely due the success of many annual reunions.

The commissioned officers of the Battery have shown but little interest in the Association and it has been organized and sustained by a firm brotherhood composed of the rank and file, and is at this time characterized by all the essentials of a true

modern fraternity whose foundations rest upon realities and memories of their patriotism and mutual hardships in earlier days.

To the Fourth Maine Battery Association and any who may care for a plain picture of soldier life under the Union Flag in those great days, this book is heartily commended.

August, 1905.

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CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION—AT PORTLAND—TO WASHINGTON AND FORT RAMSAY—SHENANDOAH VALLEY—LITTLE WASHINGTON—CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

About the last of October, 1861, in response to the call for troops it was decided to raise and organize five Batteries of Light Artillery in Maine, and among others who immediately commenced recruiting for this branch of the service, were the Rev. J. M. S. Haynes, the young pastor of the Baptist Church at Augusta, Hamlin F. Eaton of the Eaton School at Kent's Hill, Chas. W. White of Skowhegan, who had recently returned from several years' residence in California, and Mathew B. Coffin of Skowhegan.

At the same time recruiting was going on in all sections of the State for the 1st Maine Cavalry and the 13th, 14th and 15th Regiments of Infantry, all of which were to rendezvous at Augusta. This large number made the filling of the different organizations rather slow and it was not until the 16th day of December that the recruits for the 4th Battery were called into camp. Upon that day Lieutenants Haynes and Eaton with their men reported and were assigned to quarters in the tents, which had been erected for four of the Batteries just south of the State House. The following day Lieutenants White and Coffin arrived with their contingents and our camp and soldier life which was destined to last for three and a half years commenced. Our Battery (the 4th) was camped next to the road, Capt. Sweet's (the 3d) coming next, and to the left of that Captain Lep-pien's (the 5th) and to the left of that Captain McGilvery's (the 6th). South of the road toward the river were located the 14th and 15th Regiments and 1st Cavalry, and across the river at the Arsenal grounds were located Colonel Neal Dow's 13th Regiment and Captain Tillson's 2d Battery.

In a few days O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr., of Bethel, a young and prominent member of the Oxford County Bar, joined us as our Captain, bringing with him quite a number of Oxford County boys. This filled our ranks so that on the 21st of December we were mustered in at the State House by Captain Rankin as the 4th Maine Battery for the term of service of three years. The work of completing the organization of the Battery was now promptly carried on and the non-commissioned officers appointed and the detachments formed. A detachment which mans each gun consisting of a Sergeant, two Corporals and thirteen men. The extra men of the Battery are divided among the detachments. As organized the Battery was officered as follows:

Captain, O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr.
Senior First Lieutenant, L. M. S. Haynes.
Junior First Lieutenant, H. F. Eaton.
Senior Second Lieutenant, Chas. W. White.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Mathew B. Coffin.
First Sergeant, Henry C. Haynes.
Quartermaster Sergeant, M. C. Kimball.

First Detachment—Sergeant, O. O. Vittum; Corporals, Jere Owen, W. H. Brooks.

Second Detachment—Sergeant, A. S. Bangs; Corporals, Jared Bates, Judson Ames.

Third Detachment—Sergeant, Cyrus M. Williams; Corporals, Geo. Holden, W. P. Friend.

Fourth Detachment—Sergeant, Geo. W. Woods; Corporals, Lewis Brown, L. B. Jennings.

Fifth Detachment—Sergeant, Harry Parkman; Corporals, Jere Cleveland, Ebenezer Talcott.

Sixth Detachment—Sergeant, Solon Robertson; Corporals, Augustus Fox, Lester Holway.

Buglers, H. M. Wentworth, Harley Hicks.
Saddler, Marshman W. Marvil.
Artificers, Frank C. Bartlett, Albert V. Thompson.
Wagoners, Geo. W. McKinney, Chas. Crymble.

At the time we went into camp each man was provided with a blanket, a towel and a small bed tick which was filled with straw, and also a tin dipper, plate, knife, fork and spoon. Two or three days after muster a portion of our under clothing was furnished, but it was not until the 9th of January, that we were fully provided with our uniform and began to think that we were real soldiers. Our tents were of the Sibley pattern, being circular and about fifteen feet in diameter, with a small sheet iron stove in the centre, the stove pipe also answering for a tent pole. A board floor was provided upon which we spread our beds at night. The full complement for a tent being thirteen men, it was rather close quarters and with three feet of snow on the ground and the thermometer at times down to 20° below we found it necessary to lie close together and unfortunate was the man who came next to the door.

Occasionally some belated comrade who had been out on a pass, would return, after all were asleep, and being cold would build a rousing fire in the little stove, giving us a terrible roasting; and as the fire quickly went down an hour later, we would awake shivering with the cold. The result was that nearly every man had a cold and cough, and it is surprising that more serious sickness did not occur.

Our cook tent, over which Bob Gordon and Kittredge presided, was situated a little in rear of the camp and at the call of the bugle, each man would take his dipper for coffee and his plate and fall in line and wait his turn. During the severe cold and stormy weather, this was no pleasant thing to do. A camp guard was placed, with strict orders to allow no one to leave camp in the day without a pass, or at night without a counter-sign.

Two years later such an idea would have been ridiculed, but we then thought it was the genuine thing for a soldier. However, the boys used to get out in the evening pretty regularly and often. Our armament consisted of a dozen old sabres that must have been left over from the Mexican or Revolutionary War.

During pleasant weather we were expected to drill two or three hours a day; but with the deep snow the only place available was the narrow road which was crowded with teams and traffic, and our drilling was not a great success.

Early in February the infantry regiments and the 2d Battery were sent South and we began to fear very much that the Johnnies would all get licked and the war closed without us.

However, all our growling availed nothing and we were destined to remain at Augusta until the 14th of March, when we were ordered to Portland and went into barracks that were located west of the city. There we found comfortable quarters and the weather was warm and springlike, and probably we enjoyed ourselves for a short time better than at any other portion of our service. We were located near the shore where clams were plenty, and all the spare time from drilling and camp duty was spent digging and eating clams. It was wonderful what an amount of clams some of the boys could get away with. One little incident occurred here that caused some amusement. One forenoon Cy Sturdy lost his cap; and after two or three hours' searching and considerable disturbance, the dinner call was sounded and the search postponed. After the coffee had all been served and Bob Gordon emptied the coffee boiler, the cap was discovered among the coffee grounds. However, we had all partaken of the coffee and Sturdy was no duder until he could get a new cap. About the first of April the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan was moved from Washington to the Peninsula, and we were ordered to Washington.

On the morning of the first of April the 4th with the 3d and 5th Maine Batteries took train for Boston and the same evening left Boston by railroad for New York, where we arrived on the morning of the 2d and were transferred to a boat for Perth Amboy, where we took the Camden and Amboy Railroad for Philadelphia, arriving there in the evening. We were taken to the Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon, where an excellent supper was waiting for us and which we most heartily enjoyed. The Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon was supported by the voluntary contribution of the people of Philadelphia and was open during the four years of the war to any of the soldiers who were passing through the city, and every Eastern soldier has a kindly feeling for Philadelphia for its generous hospitality and kindly greetings.

Leaving Philadelphia late at night, we arrived in Baltimore the next morning, where, without disembarking, we were transferred across the city, the cars being drawn by horses, and in the afternoon we started on the last stage of our journey, arriving in Washington in the evening and camped for the night in the barracks near the station. The next morning we marched to Capitol Hill, situated about a mile east of the Capitol, and our tents and baggage being brought up, we soon had our camp established. At this time Capitol Hill, from the Capitol to the Penitentiary, was only a sandy plain, and at one place not far from our camp were the remains of an old cemetery, and the hogs, which were running wild in the streets, had rooted among the graves and brought to the surface many human skulls which greeted us most unpleasantly.

The only place in that part of the city possessing any beauty was the old Congressional Cemetery a little southeast of our camp. Here were erected monuments to deceased Congressmen and many other noted men; and the quietness and beauty of that place contrasted strongly with the rest of the city and vicinity.

Our stay here was destined to be short and on the 14th of April we took up our march to Fort Ramsey, which was eight miles from Alexandria, near Fall's Church.

With well filled knapsacks we started early in the morning and took boat from Washington to Alexandria, and after an hour or two of delay, which was improved by many of the boys in visiting the Marshall House, where Col. Ellsworth was killed, started on the march toward our destination, although the day was intensely hot, and the dust such as we had never seen before.

We had been told that the distance was only eight miles, but before we arrived we thought it was nearer eighteen and our knapsacks which contained all the articles that new troops usually think they may need, grew wonderfully heavy and it took days for the aches to get out of our shoulders.

The Battery had been furnished with two six-mule teams which conveyed tents and other baggage; and before night we were comfortably located in our new quarters on the north side of the road opposite the fort.

The 6th Battery had accompanied us and were stationed at

Fort Buffalo, about three-fourths of a mile away, and both Batteries were under command of Captain Robinson, he being the senior officer.

In the fort were four 12-pound brass guns and four 20-pound iron guns. We were supplied with rifles and drilling as heavy artillery was at once entered upon most vigorously. As we had enlisted for light artillery this was loudly protested against by many of the boys, but we soon found out that growling did no good and we settled down to our two hours a day of drill at the guns in the fort, and two hours as infantry. Regular guard duty was also established in the fort with the most minute instructions as to our duties in case of attack. After being in camp about two weeks, alarming reports came of the enemy being in the vicinity and pickets were stationed each night at a short distance from the forts, and perhaps it was a more severe test to a man's courage at this time to go on picket duty, than it was at a later period to go into a hard battle.

One night we were aroused by quite a brisk firing in the direction of Fort Buffalo, and quickly turning out with our arms, we fell in line and marched into the fort. Capt. Robinson and a detachment of men, as body guard, proceeded to Fort Buffalo to ascertain the cause of the alarm, which he found to be that one of the pickets had become alarmed at some imaginary object and discharged his musket, which had caused a general alarm. Another version of this was that Captain McGilvery had arranged to have the alarm given in order to see how quickly his battery could be turned out, and later a good deal of explanation was required at headquarters in regard to the matter.

While here money became very scarce and in order to obtain tobacco many of the boys spent their spare time gathering old bullets, which could be sold for old lead. Lewis Davis and Chas. Robie finding an old shell attempted to extract the fuse plug, with the result that the shell exploded, fatally wounding both of them. Robie was obliged to have his leg amputated and died in an hour after, and Davis died in the hospital a few days later.

While stationed here McClellan was approaching very near Richmond and there was much fear that our services at the front would not be required and that we would be sent home without seeing anything of actual war. However, after about five weeks

at Fort Ramsey we very gladly received orders to turn in our muskets and return to Washington. Leaving Fort Ramsey on May 20th, we made our return march via Aqueduct Bridge and Georgetown and again occupied our old campground on Capitol Hill. On the 25th we received our horses and the next day our harnesses and six 3-inch rifle guns of the Rodman pattern.

With green horses, green drivers and a kind of harness that none of us had ever seen before, it took us some time to get the hang of things. One of the sergeants had a great deal of trouble in getting his saddle to fit, until one of the boys showed him that he was putting it on with the front to the rear.

The 6th Battery, which had also been mounted, returned to Washington with us, and after a few days which were fully occupied in mounted drill, both of the batteries were ordered to the Shenandoah Valley and June 13 the guns and horses were loaded on cars at the Baltimore and Ohio Station, and we proceeded to Harper's Ferry via the Relay House. It was a beautiful country through which we were passing, the boys were in high spirits at the idea of going to the front and enjoyed the trip immensely. We arrived at Sandy Hook, a mile east of Harper's Ferry, early on the morning of the 14th and during the forenoon the horses were unloaded and taken to Maryland Heights, where we encamped for the night for the first time under the open sky.

About noon on the 15th the drivers with the horses crossed on the ferry to Harper's Ferry, where a halt was made until nearly four o'clock, when they started up the valley on the Winchester pike and passed through Halltown and Charlestown to Wadesville, where camp was made for the night. The train on which the guns had been left was then divided, the guns and men of the 4th Battery forming our train and the 6th Battery following on another train. Crossing the bridge and starting up the Shenandoah Valley or Winchester Railroad, we found that the track was a 4-inch joist with strap iron nailed on top and that the engine had much difficulty in making any progress. Much of the way the boys would get off and walk, thereby having a chance to pick berries, which were very abundant, and in one instance they helped to push the train up the grade. Arriving at Charleston, the tender got off the track at a switch and caused a delay of two hours to get it on. This gave us an

opportunity to look over the town so noted on account of the John Brown trial and many of the boys visited the jail and the gallows, which was still standing in a field near by, upon which John Brown had been hung. Here we first met the genuine Secesh and about the only good looking girls that we saw in Virginia, but they did not smile very sweetly on us, although they seemed much pleased at our difficulty in being derailed. At last we were again on our way and at 10 o'clock arrived at Wadesville, where we found that our horses which had left Harper's Ferry at the same time as we did, had been in camp about two hours. We thought this pretty slow time on a railroad, twenty-one miles in over six hours. Where we camped was a spring which caused much curiosity on account of its size and the quantity of water that flowed from it. It was nearly twenty feet across and in the centre no bottom could be seen, although the water was perfectly clear, and a stream several inches deep and several feet wide flowed from it.

The next morning we harnessed up and started on our first mounted march. Passing through Winchester, Kearnsstown and Middletown, we arrived at Cedar Creek on the 19th and went into camp on the ground where two years later Gen. Early made his fierce attack and surprised Sheridan's army at the battle of Cedar Creek.

While here we improved the time with daily mounted drill and on one occasion with other batteries of the corps had a day of target practice under the supervision of Colonel Dalghreen, who gave us the credit of making the best shots of any battery in the corps. Colonel Dalghreen was killed near Richmond, March 2d, 1864, while on the Kilpatrick-Dalghreen raid.

We had been attached to Prince's Brigade of Augur's Division of Banks' Corps (2d), Army of Virginia, our brigade consisting of 3d Maryland, 102d New York, 100th Pennsylvania and 111th Pennsylvania Regiments. General Pope, who had been very successful in the west, had been called east and given command of the corps of Gen. Banks, Gen. McDowell and Gen. Fremont which were called the Army of Virginia and had assumed command on the 27th of June with his famous order which was generally interpreted to read "Headquarters in the saddle—No lines of retreat but those of the enemy—Spades to the rear," etc.

Here the boys had their first experience in foraging and it seemed to come much more natural to some than drilling.

The officers cautioned, warned and threatened us in the matter, but at the same time there is not much doubt but the officers' own mess was sometimes supplied with food that was not furnished through the Commissary Department. The only serious result of any of the foraging was when a few of the boys had captured a pig and gathering just outside of the camp, in the woods, had a feast of roast pig. Everything passed off quietly until about 11 o'clock, when all had retired, when we were aroused by Horace Sally, who had been very active at the feast, making night hideous with his groans, and cries that he was going to die. However, he lived through the night, but had to be sent to the hospital.

Perhaps one reason for the foraging was the order that our rations would be confined to hard bread, meat, sugar, coffee, salt, vinegar and pepper, not a very luxurious "menu." On the 4th of July a national salute was fired in the morning, at noon and at night, which was the extent of our celebration.

We remained at Cedar Creek until July 5th, when the army moved to the east of the Blue Ridge, Banks' Corps passing through Manassas and Chester Gaps. Our battery broke camp late in the afternoon of the 5th and passed through Manassas Gap to Front Royal, from there making daily marches until the 11th, when we passed the village of Waterloo and crossed Hedgeman River and went into camp near Warrenton. We remained at Warrenton until the 17th, when we returned across Hazel River and after four days' march went into camp at Little Washington on the 20th. We had a night march when leaving Cedar Creek and in the darkness Sergt. Bangs' caisson was overturned down a steep bank and L. Hunton and a drummer boy of the 109th Pennsylvania Regiment who were riding on the caisson were seriously injured. They were taken to a farm house near by and Corporal Ames left to take care of them. The old farmer was Secesh all through and did not seem to appreciate his guests. The second morning the Corporal found that the army had nearly passed, and that the road was to be abandoned, and not relishing a trip to Richmond quite so soon, he obtained permission to place Hunton and the boy in the baggage wagon of a train that was returning to Winchester, to

be taken to the hospital there. The old farmer was very anxious to know who was to pay for the bed that was sent along with them, but finally compromised by sending a bill for it to Lieutenant Haynes.

It is doubtful if Lieutenant Haynes has been that way since to pay the bill. The Corporal then started to join the Battery but taking the wrong road found himself in the 1st, Sigel's Corps, with which he remained three weeks before he could find the Battery. During his stay in the 1st Corps, he was very handsomely provided for by Captain Johnson's 12th Ohio Battery. While near Warrenton, Charles and Asa Coombs and Albert V. Thompson, the blacksmith, went out one day to gather blackberries, which were very abundant in that section, and forgot to return to camp or rather got on the wrong road and did not discover their mistake until they arrived in Canada. The Coombs boys had been very prominent and we had been led to anticipate great things of them when we should meet the enemy, and it seemed unkind in them to leave us just at this time. However, they returned to the Battery three years later at Fairfax Seminary, just in time to accompany us home. It is doubtful if they enjoyed themselves very much with us after their return.

While at Little Washington there was much sickness and a hospital tent was established which was kept well filled. Among the other occupants of the tent were Sergeant Lewis Brown and George Handy, who had typhoid fever, from which Sergeant Brown died and was buried with military honors. He was a favorite among the boys and much respected by the officers and his loss was deeply felt. Asa Witham also died here and with Sergeant Brown was buried under a large locust tree in a field near our camp. His loss was deeply felt. While here Charles Frost was taken sick with the smallpox and to quarantine him was given two shelter tents, and with John Sylvester to take care of him was sent out in a field about a mile from camp. With no medical attendance, only army rations to live on, and in an exposed shelter tent during the rainy weather that was then prevailing, we never expected to see him again. While he was in a critical state the Battery left for Culpeper and in about a week Frost had recovered sufficiently to walk and with Sylvester started to join the Battery.

While on the way they were captured by the enemy's scouts, who seeing Frost's feeble condition told him to go on but started with Sylvester through the woods. After going a short distance they asked Sylvester what was the matter with the other fellow and was told, in broken English, "He got small-pox, I give him to every one of you." They told Sylvester to go, that they did not want him, and rejoining Frost both arrived at the Battery near Culpeper, but Frost was not allowed by Capt. Robinson to come into camp and went to the hospital at Culpeper, where he only obtained admittance by claiming that he had scalded himself by falling over a kettle of boiling coffee which had caused his face and hands to peel.

Three or four days later when the army started on their hasty retreat, Frost found that he with some others were to be left for the enemy to pick up, and stole his way back to Washington on the top of a box car.

About the middle of July General Lee had started Jackson to oppose Pope crossing the Rapidan. Reaching Gordonsville, Jackson discovered that Pope's forces outnumbered those of his own command and remained inactive until reinforced by A. P. Hill, early in August, when an advance was made to the Rapidan and General Banks' advance pickets driven from Burnett's Ford on the 8th. On the morning of the 6th the Battery left camp at Little Washington, moving with the rest of the division and passed through Sperryville and Woodville towards Culpeper, where we arrived about midnight of the 8th and went into camp about a mile north of the town. Early the next morning (the 9th) we hitched up and stood in harness until about 10 o'clock, when the horses were unharnessed and taken by the drivers to a field some distance away to graze. About an hour later they were hastily called in and harnessing up we started towards Cedar Mountain, from which direction artillery firing could be heard. Passing through Culpeper we moved at a trot, most of the way, for about eight miles and halted in a piece of woods nearly a mile in the rear of our line, which was then skirmishing with the enemy. The day was intensely hot and the road crowded with troops of all kinds with their ammunition and baggage wagons hurrying to the front. The dust was so thick and suffocating that at times it was difficult to get our breath, and we passed many lying by the road completely pros-

trated and others suffering from sunstroke. Upon our arrival at the woods, spoken of above, General Prince, commanding the brigade to which we were attached, placed Captain Robinson under arrest for some reason, the exact nature of which was never clearly understood but was generally supposed to be running by other troops and getting out of place in the line.

There was not a very good feeling existing between the General and Captain Robinson, as was shown by a little incident that occurred in the morning. After first harnessing up, the Captain sent a Lieutenant to the General asking for orders. The General very curtly replied, "When I have orders for Captain Robinson I will send them." This reply did not put the Captain in the best of humor and perhaps had an effect on him during the remainder of the day.

After about half an hour in the woods the Captain was relieved from arrest and we moved out across an open field about half a mile and went into park behind some hay stacks at the Hudson house on the north side of the Mitchell Station road and to the left and rear of our batteries that were then engaged.

It was while crossing this field that we first heard the music of shells as they came tearing through the air over our heads. Being aimed at our batteries on the hill, they passed high enough over us to be harmless, but they caused such a feeling of nervousness and apprehension that we did not feel like loitering on the way.

One of the shells struck near a group of calves that were feeding in the field and it caused us a shout of laughter to see them run. At this time it was three o'clock, and after remaining at the hay stacks about fifteen minutes, we were ordered into position on the left of the batteries already engaged at the right of the Hudson house, the 6th Maine Battery a little later taking position to the left of the house in line nearly at right angles to the one which we occupied.

As we went up the hill into position it was coming pretty hot and we met some very severely wounded men being brought off the field from the battery on our right (perhaps Crouse's Battery K, 1st New York,) and several of their horses had just been struck. As we unlimbered we at once drew the fire of the enemy's guns and had all that we wanted to attend to. It was not long before Abel Davis of Sergeant Robertson's detachment

was struck in the leg by a piece of shell and carried to the rear, and Charles Sally, who took his place, soon after received a severe scalp wound from a piece of shell, but he did not have to be carried off the field, because none of the boys could catch him. When we next heard of him he was in the hospital at Washington, and later was transferred to the Invalid Corps, where he served out his three years' term.

Lieutenant Eaton's section on the left occupied lower ground and was more protected than the rest of the Battery and did not suffer the loss of any men. It was in this section that Captain Robson took up his position during the fight. Lieutenant Haynes' section on the right seemed to get the brunt of the fire and after about fifty rounds from each gun had been fired, a shell struck the wheel of Sergeant Bangs' piece and glancing struck Byron Phillips, tearing away part of his chin and shoulder. He was taken to the rear, where he died about two hours later and was buried in the garden of the Hudson house. A little later Sergeant Owen's piece was struck by a shell and the axle broken, so that it could not be used again. The splinters slightly wounded several of the gunners and the concussion of the shell as it struck and exploded very near Ambrose Vitum's head caused a deafness in one ear from which he has never recovered. Hannibal Powers of this piece was also struck by a ball from a case shot which passed through his boot and lodged in his stocking and pants which he wore inside of his boots. He was about to start to the rear but was advised to take his boot off and see how bad the wound was. When the boot was pulled off the bullet rolled out and Powers resumed his duties. Several other men were wounded, among others James Smith, who received a scalp wound but remained at his post. Both of the right pieces were moved to the left of the Battery, about five o'clock, the first piece being unserviceable, and the second piece being short-handed, Lieut. Haynes took hold and helped in working the gun. The enemy's batteries were placed on the face of the mountain in the woods on much higher ground than we occupied, and as they were nearly concealed they had much the advantage of us in position. In the corn field in our front, where Prince's and Geary's Brigades assailed Early's Brigade vigorously, Early was sorely pressed for a time, but receiving as reinforcements

Taliaferro's Brigade and a portion of Thomas' Brigade, the advance of Prince and Geary was checked. The conflict in this corn field was stubborn and sanguinary and the loss very severe. In an effort to rally his command General Prince was taken prisoner by a private of the 23d Virginia, surrendering his sword, however, to General Taliaferro.

During the height of the engagement Chas. Patterson gave vent to a volley of profanity, but one of the boys who was ordinarily mildly addicted to the same vice earnestly remonstrated with him not to swear there. The battery wagon and forge had been brought up and left at the hay stacks where a portion of the time they were nearly as much exposed as the Battery. The boys attached to this portion of the Battery did not enjoy this, as they were supposed to be non-combatants and left at the rear. Some of those whose duties did not call them to the front rendered very acceptable service by bringing water to the very thirsty men at the guns, and particularly among these was D. O. Dearborn. During the conflict in the cornfield, Trimble's Brigade, by a detour, had gained a position on our left flank and was prepared for a simultaneous attack, with Early in our front. Just at dusk a volley from the corn field, not many yards in front of us, passed just over our heads, when the order was given to limber to the rear. A little delay was caused to one of the caissons where a wounded horse was being replaced, and as we left the field the enemy came on a charge out of the corn field just in front of us. Patterson and Chandler, who were assisting a wounded man off the field, had to leave him and narrowly escaped capture. The enemy had broken our left and everything was partaking of the character of a rout and everyone was for himself. The 6th Maine Battery on our left stoutly resisted the charge made on them by Trimble's Brigade and held their ground until all others had time to get by, when they withdrew. Their loss was very severe and Captain McGilvery and the Battery deserved great praise for their heroic work. Everything now was in the greatest confusion and all made their best time across the field towards the rear. As we crossed the little creek a gun of some Battery was hopelessly stuck in the mud and left for the enemy. As we passed through the woods we found that McDowell's Corps and part of Sigel's were lying there in line, and as we passed through their line a sense of

security at once prevailed and the mad rush ceased. We passed a short distance to the rear and went into park, and, the horses having had neither water nor food since early morning, the drivers were sent to a corn field near by to cut corn for the horses. While thus engaged, the enemy, thinking they had routed the whole of Pope's army, made a charge up through the woods and unexpectedly came upon McDowell's line, which poured upon them a murderous volley that completely routed and sent them back. The 2d and 5th Maine Batteries received great credit for the part they took in this affair. It was rather remarkable that of the five Batteries organized and encamped at Augusta the previous winter, four of them, the 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th, should meet for the first time since leaving home and each of them have their first engagement in the same battle.

The Chief of Artillery in his report to General Banks speaks as follows—"Officers and men stood firm and unflinching to the end. Captains McGilvery, Robinson and Rolmer were constantly under fire working their guns with coolness and discrimination. * * * * Well done I can truly say for officers, non-commissioned and privates of all the batteries."

At the time the enemy made the charge in the woods one of our Batteries which was occupying a position about half a mile in the rear, by some mistake opened fire, their shell striking in rear of McDowell's line and in our immediate vicinity. It was instantly taken for granted that the enemy was in our rear and at once the stampede commenced afresh. Not waiting for the drivers, who were after the corn for their horses, others took their place and we started towards the rear. As we went down the field a man terribly wounded was waving his hat and shouting for us not to run over him. The road was filled with baggage wagons desperately pushing and struggling to get along and the fields were filled with artillery, ambulances and hundreds of straggling infantry, all heading towards Colpeper. General and staff officers were riding at full speed and frantically shouting, commanding and entreating that a stop be made, and that it was all a mistake. In a few minutes the firing from the rear had ceased and when it became understood that someone had blundered quiet was at once restored; and tired, hungry, thirsty, with feelings of sadness, disappointment and discouragement, we lay down by our guns and horses for a little

needed rest. The loss in killed and wounded in Banks' Corps in the battle was 1,759, or 22 per cent, which is a remarkably high rate and shows the pluck and high fighting qualities of the troops engaged.

After such brilliant promises from an army commander, to suffer such an ignoble defeat was not what we were expecting, and when it became understood that Banks' Corps of less than 8,000 had been sent, or permitted to go forward, to attack Jackson with an army of 20,000 and that Sigel's and McDowell's Corps had been lying close at hand without being moved to our assistance until we were being driven from the field, crushed and overpowered, our confidence in "Headquarters in the saddle" Pope entirely disappeared.

The next morning (10th) we moved a short distance to the rear to a piece of woods where we were somewhat protected from the intense heat, and the day was spent in replenishing our empty ammunition chests, repairing the damaged guns and cleaning up. Here L. Weston and several others who had been in the hospital rejoined the Battery and they afterwards said that we were the dirtiest, toughest lot of men they ever saw. At the front the day was spent in bringing off the wounded and burying the dead under flag of truce and some of our officers took advantage of the opportunity to go over the battlefield.

From here we moved back to near Culpeper and went into camp about a mile south of the town, where we remained until the 19th.

CHAPTER II.

POPE'S RETREAT—RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—SULPHUR SPRINGS
—2d BULL RUN—INTO MARYLAND—ANTIETAM—MARY-
LAND HEIGHTS.

In the meantime Jackson, not feeling that his force was strong enough to push Pope, had fallen back to the Rapidan to await reinforcements from Lee's army which was in front of Richmond.

On the 13th General Longstreet's Corps accompanied by General Lee left Richmond to join Jackson's forces. Arriving at Gordonsville a few miles south of the Rapidan a halt was made and General Lee by his own observations satisfied himself of the very weak position that Pope was occupying and on the 20th crossed the Rapidan and joining Jackson's forces moved forward to attack.

On the morning of the 18th Lieutenant Haynes had taken a detail of men and the wagons to a field about two miles away to cut and bring in grass for the horses. About noon orders were received to move immediately and Lieutenant Haynes was called in with all possible speed. Upon their arrival the Battery moved back to the village and stood in harness until the forenoon of the 19th, when we started from Culpeper towards Rappahannock Station, the whole army being on the move in the same direction. Arriving at the river after dark we crossed at Beverly ford just below the railroad bridge and went into camp for the night. Soon fence rails were gathered, fires built and coffee made and our salt pork cooked by holding it on a stick over the fire. Supper being eaten we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon asleep.

When we had crossed the river we were notified not to use the water from the river to drink or make coffee with, so while unhitching, some of the boys started out with canteens to obtain

water. A short distance in the rear, in a swampy piece of ground, a large puddle was found from which the canteens were filled and coffee made, which we enjoyed immensely. The next morning upon going again for water it was found that upon the opposite side of the puddle from which the water had been obtained, and partially in the water, was lying a dead hog, about half decomposed, so it was decided to look elsewhere for water. During the day our cavalry was driven back and towards night the skirmish line was within sight across the river. Our battery wagon and forge, etc., was then sent back to the woods, in the rear, and the guns placed in battery near the ford. The next morning the enemy appeared in small force on the opposite side of the river and skirmishing continued on our front during the 21st and 22d, and considerable firing was heard both up and down the river. During this time we remained in position covering the ford. On the morning of the 23d a strong force appeared in our front and we had a sharp engagement with their batteries and also shelled the woods where their infantry was posted. One of their batteries attempted to get into position on the hill near the railroad, but a few well directed shots from our battery brought one of their gun teams down all in a heap and caused them to turn back, and no further attempt was made to occupy the position. One or two of their pieces seemed to have been seriously damaged during the scrap.

It was while we were in this engagement that several recruits came to us, and finding the battery wagon, forge and spare horses in the woods, they remained with them. The enemy's shots being a little high passed over our heads and striking among the trees, where they were, made quite a racket and caused a stampede. The boys thought it was rather a warm reception. Lieutenant Eaton's darkey, "Sam," white with fear, came up to the front and refused to go back, telling the Lieutenant, "Fo' God, Massa, I get killed back there."

About 9 o'clock we were ordered to move up the river several miles to Sulphur Springs, and after crossing the railroad a shell just missed Captain Robinson, passing between his head and his horse's head. About this time we came to a creek, which we forded, and found the water so high that it came over the top of the ammunition chests, wetting quite a portion of our ammunition. The evening before we had drawn three days'

rations and most of the boys had placed their haversacks on the guns and caissons, and the result was a queer mixture of coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, soaked hardtack and mud. Our rations for the next three days were principally roasted corn and a little fresh beef without salt. Chapin in his diary at this date says: "We live mostly on faith now and I pray that we may have success." About two o'clock we made a halt and spread out our ammunition for an hour or two to dry, and we also tried to dry our hardtack but could not get the mud out of it. We arrived at Sulphur Springs about two o'clock at night and the next day (24th), the enemy appearing on the opposite side of the river, we had a light engagement with one of their batteries towards night. General Lee, finding that Pope was occupying a very strong position on the east bank of the Rappahannock extending from Waterloo Bridge south to the Rapidan, held Longstreet to oppose Pope along the Rappahannock, while Jackson made a flank movement. On the morning of the 25th Jackson moved from Jefferson, opposite Sulphur Springs, to the north and crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mills, about ten miles north of Sulphur Springs, and continuing in a northerly direction, that night camped at Salem. On the morning of the 26th Jackson resumed his march but changed his course to an easterly direction, and passing through Thoroughfare Gap, at night was occupying a position from Gainesville to Bristoe Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, many miles in rear of Pope's army and between him and Washington, and also a large portion of McClellan's army which was on the way from the Peninsula to join Pope.

During the 25th Banks' Corps, to which we belonged, moved back to near Warrenton. On the 26th the corps moved in a southerly direction and at night was at Fayetteville. On the nights of the 24th and 25th we made all-night marches in addition to our day marches. By this time Pope had discovered Jackson's move and on the morning of the 27th the corps took an easterly direction and at night was well advanced towards Warrenton Junction. Here General Banks received instructions from General Pope to cover the railroad trains at that place, consisting of four engines and 123 cars, until General Porter had passed, and then to rebuild bridges and track that had been destroyed and run the trains back towards Manassas.

On the evening of the 28th Banks' Corps was near Little Run, between Catlett's and Bristoe Stations, with the trains well up to the bridges that had been destroyed near Bristoe.

On the morning of the 29th Longstreet had joined Jackson near Groveton and the battle of the Second Bull Run was fought on that and the succeeding day. Our corps being occupied in covering and bringing back the trains, had no hand in the terrible conflict that was raging very near and within our hearing, and which ended in Pope being driven back across the Bull Run on the 30th.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 30th we had arrived within two or three miles of Manassas Junction, where we were halted, and after standing a short time were turned quietly around and marched rapidly back to Bristoe Station, where we camped for the night. We could not understand it at the time but later learned that Longstreet was between us and the rest of the army, thereby completely cutting us off. The next morning before light we were quietly awakened and ordered to harness and hitch up without making any noise, and by daylight we were ready to start. As it was impossible to get the trains back to Bull Run, Banks had been instructed to burn them in order to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. As we started south across the railroad the work was being rapidly carried into effect and the flames were shooting high from the long trains of cars filled with quartermaster's and commissary stores, while near by a train of ammunition wagons was suffering a like fate and from which loud explosions came rapidly as the fire reached their contents. The boys who were fortunate enough to be near the burning cars were not prevented from supplying themselves with needed articles and men were soon seen hastening along loaded down with spoil. Some would have huge bales of stockings, others of blouses, overcoats, boots or shirts, but these were either soon distributed by trading or abandoned. It was a dark, rainy day, and our route was over dirt roads and much of the way through woods. We did not fully understand the situation but knew enough to realize that we were in danger and without complaint kept up our rapid march through the rain and mud. As we made no halts for food or water, we found it difficult when fording streams to force the thirsty horses across without allowing them to stop,

and before night some of them fell and were left dying from thirst and exhaustion.

About dark we reached the Bull Run stream and fording it were once more in connection with our army, which had been massed near Centreville. This night we were placed on picket duty covering the stream, and the next day (September 1st) again took up our march with the rest of the army towards the defences of Washington.

In the afternoon we passed Centreville and to the left of the road as far as the eye could see the open fields were solidly filled with moving troops and trains.

It was a magnificent sight and very rarely has such a large body of men been seen together. About five o'clock we crossed Difficult Creek, a small stream of a few inches of water, and a short distance beyond halted near some thick woods. About this time there came up one of those thunder showers which only Virginia can produce. The rain came down in torrents and the thunder and lightning were terrific. About six o'clock it moderated somewhat and some of the men were sent back with the spare horses to cross the creek for corn, but soon came back, saying that the creek was running a flood four feet deep. Just before sunset, in the midst of the terrific thunder storm, the enemy made an attack on Pope's right at Chantilly, about a mile from where we were, and we could distinctly hear the volleys of musketry between the peals of thunder, and knew they were having it hot and were not sure but we might be in it ourselves very soon. About dark the fire slackened and it was at this time that General Kearney was killed, about a mile to the right of us. We were soaked through and, cold and shivering, were about to build fires to make our coffee, but orders came to allow no fires nor lights of any kind, as the enemy were very near and it might reveal our position. Even General Banks allowed no lights at his headquarters.

The rain continued to come down in torrents the whole night and we stood in the road anxiously waiting for the morning. Sleep or rest was out of the question. Occasionally some of the boys, tired and exhausted, would lie down, only to be aroused in a few minutes by some one, in the intense darkness, walking over them, or by finding themselves in water to the depth of several inches; but morning came at last and with it clear skies.

Coffee was made and with salt pork and hardtack we had our breakfast, and never was a meal more enjoyed by hungry men.

This day (September 2d) we continued on our march and at midnight went into bivouac near Alexandria (near Fort Worth). About this time Lieutenant L. M. S. Haynes, sick and with health broken down from exposure, left us and returned to his family in Philadelphia, and his health not warranting his return to the Battery, he soon after resigned. On the 3d we moved from Fort Worth to near Fort Albany, a distance of about five miles. Since leaving Washington, ten weeks before, we had swung around a circle, taking in Harper's Ferry, Winchester, Culpeper and Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Sulphur Springs, Warrenton, Manassas and Bull Run, had been in three engagements and in close proximity to several others, and after marching nearly three hundred miles were now back at our starting point. When we started we were anxious to see something of the war, and many of us were now satisfied that we had seen it.

The 4th of September we crossed the Potomac at Aqueduct Bridge and passing through Georgetown that night, went into camp at Tenallytown and on the 5th marched twelve miles to Rockville. Upon the arrival of the army at the defences of Washington the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia were consolidated and General McClellan assumed command. General Banks' Corps was now designated as the 12th Army Corps, with a star for our corps badge. The badge was a piece of cloth cut in the form of a star and was attached to the left side of the cap. For the 1st Division the color was red, for the 2d Division white, and the 3d Division blue. Each corps had its distinctive badge and every soldier was obliged to wear it. By this means it could be known at a glance to what corps a soldier belonged. At this time General Banks, our corps commander, was assigned to duty in command of the defences of Washington, and General Mansfield assigned to the command of the 12th Corps.

On the 6th we moved up into line of battle, the Battery being put in position near Sedgwick's Division of the 2d Corps. We remained at Rockville while the army was being reorganized and put in shape for an advance through Maryland to meet Lee, who had crossed the Potomac at Leesburgh and was then

in the vicinity of Frederick and along the Monocacy. About the 8th the army was again on the move in the direction of Frederick. Our marches each day were short, and as one writer expresses it, "the army only drifted." The weather was fine and our route being through the beautiful State of Maryland, we much enjoyed the trip in contrast to our previous experiences from Culpeper to Washington.

Our corps arrived at Frederick on the 13th, having averaged on the march only about seven miles a day. The next day (the 14th) we passed through Frederick and at 10 o'clock at night encamped near Middletown. During the afternoon the sound of the battle which was being fought at South Mountain was distinctly heard and the bursting shells could be seen.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 15th we were again on the move. Passing through Middletown, we followed the road up the mountain through Turner's Gap, where the battle of South Mountain had been fought on the day before between the 1st and 9th Corps of the Union army, and D. H. Hill and a part of Longstreet's Corps of the Confederates. As we passed through the gap many of the boys went up the hill to the right of the road to see a portion of the field where the fighting had been severe, and where many of the rebel dead were yet unburied. Passing through Boonsboro, west of the mountain, we camped for the night. On the 16th we continued our march, but the roads were so blocked with moving troops and trains that our progress was slow and it was after dark when we arrived at the village of Keedysville and went into camp not far from General McClellan's headquarters.

General Hooker with his 1st Corps had crossed the Antietam Creek at the bridge and ford near Keedysville late in the afternoon of the 16th, and in attempting to reach a position on the Hagerstown Pike about two miles from the Keedysville Bridge had been attacked by Hood near the east woods and a sharp conflict had lasted from about sunset until after dark. Hooker then took position about three-fourths of a mile from the east woods in the vicinity of the Hagerstown Pike. About midnight our corps, the 12th, crossed the bridge to the assistance of Hooker and took position north of the east woods and at Hooker's left, a portion of the batteries being left on the east side of the creek, the 4th and 6th Maine being among the number.

Early on the morning of the 17th our Battery was moved to McClellan's headquarters at the Pry House, and after waiting some time we returned through Keedysville and were placed in position covering the stone bridge and on the right of the road, and the 6th Maine Battery in position across the road from us. Soon after Franklin's Corps crossed the bridge in front of us, and took position to the right and in rear of Sumner's Corps, which had crossed earlier in the morning, near McClellan's headquarters.

In the meantime, about daylight, Jackson, whose command had replaced Hood, opened the engagement from near the east woods, which was promptly responded to by Hooker, who ordered an advance along his whole line, which resulted in a terrible conflict in the corn field beyond the east woods. About seven o'clock Mansfield (12th Corps) approached and with Hooker's Corps charged through the west woods to the Dunker Church. It was while deploying his troops that General Mansfield was mortally wounded and General Williams assumed command of the corps. A little later General Hooker was also wounded and was succeeded by General Meade.

From our position on the east bank of the Antietam near the upper or Keedysville bridge, we had a clear and unobstructed view of the battlefield from the east woods on the right to near the sunken road at the left of Dunker Church where French and Richardson of Sumner's 2d Corps did such terrific work. As we repeatedly saw the long lines form and advance for a charge, it was with bated breath and intensest feeling that we watched them move forward until a line of smoke would roll up from in front of them and we could see men fall by the hundred, and the thin and broken ranks would fall back and reform for another attack, or to resist an attack from the enemy. It was grand, it was terrible, and the memory of such a day can never be effaced from the mind. By two o'clock the heaviest of the fighting on the right was over, but the artillery continued to be engaged until night. Late in the afternoon we could hear the heavy fighting of Burnside, on the left, as he was forcing the crossing at the Stone Bridge near Sharpsburg, nearly three miles to the left of where we were stationed. Just across the bridge in front of us and a little to the right, near Hoffman's house, were located the field hospitals, which presented a busy

scene. Ambulances, stretcher bearers and the wounded who could walk kept up a constant procession all the day. Toward night the sound of conflict gradually died away, and after coffee had been made and supper eaten we gathered around our fires and in subdued tones we discussed the battle of the day and the prospects of the morrow. In our front the enemy had been forced back from the east wood to the west wood and the Dunker Church. On the left Burnside had forced the crossing at the bridge, and gained a position on the west bank, but still the two great armies lay facing each other with positions not greatly changed from that of the morning. We all looked for a continuance of the conflict and perhaps a more severe one, if such a thing was possible, on the morrow, and felt that instead of being onlookers we would probably be among the active participants. So with feelings of uncertainty and apprehension we quietly rolled ourselves in our blankets for our night's rest. The losses for the day on the Union side were 2108 killed, 9549 wounded and 753 captured or missing, a total of 12,410, and the Confederate losses were fully as large.

General McClellan in his report says that "about 2700 of the enemy's dead were counted and buried upon the battlefield of Antietam;" also that "a portion of their dead had been previously buried by the enemy."

The next day proved to be a day of inaction, the two armies resting in the positions which they had occupied at the close of the battle. There was a tacit truce and Federal and Confederate burying parties passed freely between the lines. To us the day was a long one as we watched and waited. During the following night Lee crossed the Potomac with his army and when the morning of the 19th came, it was discovered that the enemy was gone. At an early hour our army started on the advance, but it was nearly noon before we crossed the bridge on our way across the battlefield. The road was crowded with the artillery and trains and our progress was slow, moving sometimes only a few yards and then halting for the road to be cleared in front of us. As we advanced up the hill in the direction of the Dunker Church and came to the ground where Jackson and Sumner had been heavily engaged, the sight was one that could never be forgotten. The enemy's dead at that point lay as they had fallen, and the line of Jackson's most advanced

charge was marked by a row of dead the whole length of the field, and so close together that we had to pull some of them out of the way to clear a road. Bullets and shell had wounded them in every conceivable form, and death had come to some so suddenly that the hand and cartridge were at the mouth in the move of tearing cartridge. They had been lying in the hot sun for two days and their bodies had swollen to enormous size and were as black as negroes and the stench was sickening. Nearer the east woods many were busy digging trenches and conveying the dead, by rolling them on blankets, to their burial.

It was near sunset when we reached the Dunker Church, where we waited a half hour. On the east of the road a rebel battery had been in position and upon the ground were the remains of two caissons that had been blown up, and twenty-seven dead artillerymen and many horses lying thick together. The church was filled with wounded laid upon the hard seats and apparently having received but little attention. Upon the front seat was a fine looking young rebel soldier who was unconscious, a bullet having passed completely through the forehead, entering just above the temple on one side and coming out the other. Two or three surgeons came along and looked at him, felt his pulse, and shaking their heads passed along to attend to others where their service might be of some benefit.

A little beyond the church we came to a wounded rebel who lay in the corner of the fence, groaning and unconscious. A bullet had passed completely through his head near the ear. When we remember that these are only two instances among hundreds and that they had been more than two days without any attendance or care, it shows a little of the horrors of war. It was dark before we were clear of the battlefield, and glad we were to get away from the terrible scenes of carnage and death through which we had been passing all the afternoon.

Late that night we went into bivouac not far from Sharpsburgh, on the Harper's Ferry road. The next day (the 20th) we continued our march and at noon on the 21st arrived at Sandy Hook, where we remained until the 23d, when we moved into camp at Maryland Heights on a field about a mile from the Ferry and near the house of Mr. Smith.

Lee's army was on the Virginia side of the river in the Shenandoah Valley, and McClellan's was centered at and around

Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. The army, after its long marches and severe battles of the past six weeks, was in need of rest and supplies of all kinds, and McClellan, proverbially slow, settled down for a good long rest until forced by pressure from Washington to make an advance a month later.

Our camp was everything that could be desired as to location, being on high ground in the edge of a large field and by the side of a fine grove about half a mile from the Harper's Ferry road, but perhaps at no other time was there as much homesickness and discontent as during the few weeks we were here. We were occupying shelter tents, each man having a tent which consisted of a piece of cotton cloth about five and a half by six feet. Two of these were buttoned together and placed over a ridge pole resting on forked sticks, which gave just room for two men to crawl under. Both ends of the tents being open, they were not very comfortable in the cold fall weather that we were having. This being our first year in the field, we lacked the experience in taking care of ourselves and making ourselves comfortable that we had later. Then we were in need of clothing of all kinds and the chilly winds made it very uncomfortable in the much worn clothes that had done service all the summer. Added to these, and worst of all, was the vermin with which we found ourselves loaded. We had been marching and camping for three months, with the thousands of troops that composed the army, with very little chance of a change of underclothing, and these pests had been accumulating and increasing at an enormous rate. At first many were ashamed to own that they were among the victims and tried to quietly free themselves from the nuisance, but it was soon found that the only way was to declare war boldly and fight it out energetically. At first many tried picking them off, but we soon found that they averaged a daily crop of fifty or sixty without in the least diminishing in number. Then boiling our clothes thoroughly was tried, and with constant boiling and watchfulness we succeeded in ridding ourselves of them. Then our rations of hardtack and salt meat began to get rather monotonous and we were longing for any change. About the only fruits that we could obtain were the wild paw paw and wild grapes which grew along the banks of the river. The paw paw somewhat resembles the banana, is about half the size, and has about as much taste as

a raw pumpkin, but with us, anything that was green was good, and quantities of them were eaten with a relish. With the wild grapes a sauce was made, and this was considered a delicacy. The summer and fall campaign had told quite severely upon us and our ranks were largely reduced by those absent in hospital and others constantly dropping out from disease.

CHAPTER III.

SHARPSBURG AND ANTIETAM IRON WORKS—WINTER AT HARPER'S FERRY AND MARYLAND HEIGHTS—JOIN ARMY OF POTOMAC—WITH 3d CORPS—WAPPING HEIGHTS.

The 25th of October, McClellan crossed the Potomac with the army, en route for Warrenton and the Rappahannock, leaving the 12th Corps to hold the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburgh. On the 30th we broke camp and moved up the river. The center section was placed at Shepherdstown Bridge, the left section, under command of Lieutenant White, at Blackford's Ford, and the right section, under command of Lieutenant Eaton, at Antietam Iron Works, near the mouth of Antietam Creek, to cover the fords at these places.

By this time we had received clothing and had somewhat recovered from our spirit of depression and homesickness, and at once went to work to provide ourselves with comfortable quarters. Perhaps our first experiments were not a brilliant success, but they were a vast improvement on our Maryland Heights quarters. Old boards and fence rails, sticks or anything that could be found were utilized, and tents of all styles of architecture were constructed and we were soon enjoying the luxury of bunks raised about a foot or eighteen inches from the ground and with straw to sleep on. At the Iron Works where Lieutenant Eaton's section was located were the remains of the buildings and near by was a grist mill. In some of the buildings the horses were stabled, and with bricks obtained from the buildings, chimneys and fireplaces were built for some of our quarters. The grist mill also contributed to our comfort in the way of adding corn meal to our rations, the boys stealing corn from the horses and the accommodating miller grinding it, taking care that he took good toll. At this time Lieutenant Eaton was quite unwell and the command of the section largely

devolved on Sergeant Bangs. The Sergeant became aware of the corn stealing and threatened punishment to the offenders, but volunteered to contribute generously towards the purchase of corn. It was not until many years later that the Sergeant learned that he had been the only contributor, that the corn had continued to come from the same source as before, and his contribution had been divided among the "syndicate." Then occasionally a stray pig would come our way which would be added to our bill of fare. While here, drilling at the guns occupied a portion of each day, but our duties were light and the time passed very pleasantly and quickly.

On November 7th General McClellan was relieved and Burnside placed in command of the army. Burnside at once moved with the army from Warrenton towards Fredericksburg, where it arrived on November 17th. While preparations were being made for the attack on Fredericksburg (the battle occurred on December 13th and 14th) the 12th Corps, which had been guarding the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburgh, was ordered to move to near Fairfax as support to the rest of the army, and on the afternoon of December 9th we received orders to march the next morning.

About an hour before the orders to move came to Lieutenant Eaton, the boys had completed a big old fashioned New England oven and were preparing a big layout of baked beans and brown bread. We did not object so much to the moving but knew that we could not get away with all the beans and brown bread at one breakfast. However, we got over that by having a good feed for the other boys when they came along the next morning.

During the night it rained and sleeted with about two inches of snow, and when we started on the morning of the 10th the roads were in a pretty slippery condition. Our horses had been standing on brick floors and consequently their shoes were worn smooth and it was with great difficulty that we could get along. It was often necessary to double up the teams and sometimes there were as many as twenty-two horses on a gun to get it up a hill, and at times several of the horses in a team would be down at once and the others would be dragging them along. Our progress, of course, was slow. The rest of the troops had passed us and almost hourly an orderly would come back to

Captain Robinson with orders to hurry up the Battery. The Captain would tell him he was doing his utmost to get along, and afterwards would tell the boys to be careful of the horses and take it easy. At dark we had arrived within about three miles of Maryland Heights and drawing out of the road went into camp, having made about eight miles since early in the morning. Soon after going into camp an orderly came back to Captain Robinson with orders to report the next morning at Harper's Ferry with the Battery. This was good news for the Captain and put him in remarkably good humor, and that night we spread our blankets on the snow and slept soundly after our hard day's work.

We resumed our march the next morning and arriving at Harper's Ferry at 11 o'clock at night, went into camp at the left of the road, about half way from the river to Bolivar Heights. In a few days our old Sibley tents, with the little stoves, that had been stored in Washington when we left Cedar Creek in July, were returned to us, and we were soon very comfortably housed for the winter. As a protection for the horses we built a stockade from small pine trees and covered the roof with old tin obtained from buildings that had been destroyed in the town. This broke the force of the wind and as Jim Allen said, "kept out the coarsest of the cold."

In camp near us was a regiment of cavalry and several infantry regiments, among them the 6th Maryland, with whom we became very friendly during the winter, and particularly with Co. "I," under command of Captain Bradshaw.

A few days after getting into camp we had orders to keep one gun on picket on Bolivar Heights where the Charlestown road passed through the fortifications. Each detachment took its turn on picket duty, being relieved in the morning after twenty-four hours duty. The second morning it was the turn of Sergeant Bangs' detachment and, he being sick, Corporal Ames was given command of the piece. It was not supposed there was any enemy within miles and the boys were taking things very comfortably when, just at the dinner hour, Llewellyn Lincoln, who had been a little way down the line, came running in, calling excitedly, "The Johnnies are coming, the Johnnies are coming," and pointed to some cavalry coming towards us from the left and also about fifty cavalry at a house which

was about five hundred yards away and at the foot of the hill. While the Corporal was trying to convince him that it was our own cavalry and showing him the cavalry pickets posted on the next hill, the question was settled by a squad from the house making an attack on Co. "I," 6th Maryland, that was on picket duty just outside the gate.

It was the first time they had ever been under fire and they very promptly retreated inside the gate. A shot was immediately sent after the main body near the house, but striking a little short, ricocheted just over their heads, when they scattered and took to the fields. Two or three shots were fired at some haystacks and woods where they had taken refuge, but without any result further than that we were not again disturbed. In the meantime Captain Robinson had heard the firing and was most roundly abusing the Corporal for wasting ammunition. Six days later, Sergeant Bangs was out with the detachment and Co. I was again on picket duty. Everything passed off quietly until about midnight, when we were aroused by a volley and rapid firing in the valley very close on our left. We hustled out pretty lively, expecting business this time, but it was soon learned that a regiment returning from a reconnoissance had got into a brush, by some carelessness, with the regiment on picket to the left of us.

After this second alarm Captain Bradshaw's company and the second detachment were the fastest of friends. With Christmas time came very welcome and pleasant remembrance from the friends at home, in the shape of boxes filled with eatables and many a little knickknack as well as articles of clothing which added greatly to our comfort. For a time we lived high and never did anything taste so good as the home-made doughnuts and pies.

About the last of December, Lieutenant White was promoted to First Lieutenant, and Quartermaster Sergeant M. C. Kimball received his commission as Second Lieutenant. January 3d, Sergeant Williams was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, Corporal Fox to Sergeant sixth detachment, Corporal Friend to Sergeant fifth detachment, Corporal Ames to Sergeant third detachment, and quite a number promoted to Corporals, among others A. C. Bates and James Allen to Corporals of third detachment. Lieutenant Eaton, who had been in ill health for

some time, resigned and on January 17th left us for home. On the 27th, Sergeant Bangs received his discharge on account of ill health. In March Lieutenant Coffin also resigned, and Sergeant Robertson was discharged on account of ill health. The 1st of April, First Sergeant H. C. Haynes received his commission as Second Lieutenant, and Sergeant Freeman was promoted to First Sergeant and Corporal Powers to Sergeant. These with other changes that had occurred made almost a complete reorganization of the Battery since leaving Maine. During the year there had been quite a number of deaths and many discharged on account of sickness and disability, with others still absent in the hospital, and only a very few recruits had joined us. This large loss of members and small addition had left us with rather thin ranks. March 30th, quite a number who had been absent in the hospital returned to the Battery, and with them came several recruits. February 9th, a most welcome visit was made us by Major Fessenden, the paymaster, whom we had not seen for months, and we received four months' pay, from July 1st to November 1st, still leaving three months in arrears. A few days later we were very glad to have with us for a day Mr. Sturdy from Augusta, who was on a visit to Cyrus at the Frederick Hospital and who took a run down to see the boys. At this time Captain Robinson was in Maine on leave of absence and Lieutenant White in command of the Battery. February 17th, the left section, under command of Lieutenant Coffin, was on a reconnoissance with a battalion of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry. We left camp about nine o'clock in the morning, taking only the guns, with eight horses on a gun. Crossing the Shenandoah river, we passed to the east side of the Loudon Mountain and took the road along the mountain in the direction of Snickersville. None of us knew where we were going or what we were going for, but it was generally surmised that we were after Mosby's gang, who were infesting that section of the country. Just as we were starting a heavy snow storm set in and continued through the day, rendering our march most uncomfortable and disagreeable. Our march was rapid and without halt, except to water our horses, and it was evening when we arrived at a little village in the mountains, without catching sight of the enemy, although doubtless they had seen us and knew all about our trip.

Here we halted for just long enough to feed our horses and make coffee and about eight o'clock started on our return to camp. The snow had ceased falling and the weather had become very cold. Our clothing had become completely soaked and now it was frozen so that it was difficult for the drivers to mount or dismount without assistance, as many of them did to change with the tired-out cannoneers and at the same time to warm up by having a little run. We took a shorter route back to camp, where we arrived at four o'clock in the morning, completely tired out after our march of more than forty miles in nineteen hours with only one halt to feed. We continued to do picket duty at Bolivar Heights, and this came to be considered by the boys rather in the light of a day's outing every six days, when we would be relieved from the ordinary duties of camp. On account of the snow and mud, drilling was not attempted to much extent, and our camp duties consisted in caring for our horses, providing wood for camp, and guard duty. This came about once in ten days and consisted of a stable guard and guard over the guns, a man being on guard two hours and off four during the twenty-four hours. On the whole the time passed very pleasantly and was whiled away in a variety of ways, among which practical joking took quite prominent part. Letter writing was also carried on to a larger extent at this time than at any other of our service. About this time "unknown correspondents" were very popular and some of the boys developed quite a talent in that direction, having several "unknown correspondents" whose names had been obtained from newspapers or other means. This went all right unless things got mixed or the boys forgot their assumed names. In one case the result was a wedding a year later, when Jere Keene went home on his veteran furlough.

During the winter the Army of the Potomac had been on the north bank of the river at Fredericksburg, having under Burnside fought the battle of Fredericksburg on December 13th, and on January 20-21 had got stuck in the mud in the attempt to make a second attack on Lee. January 25th, "Fighting Joe Hooker" was appointed to succeed Burnside in command of the army and at once entered upon a thorough reorganization of the troops of all branches. About the first of April preparations were commenced for active operations, and on the

13th Stoneman started on his raid around Lee and on the 27th the movement was commenced which resulted in the battle of Chancellorsville on May 1st to 4th. The 1st of April there was a general breaking up of camps at Harper's Ferry and we were relieved from picket duty by an Indiana battery. On the 7th we moved to Maryland Heights and occupied the same camp that we had occupied during October after the battle of Antietam. The weather was warm and pleasant and our camp all that could be desired, but there was rather a feeling of dissatisfaction that we should be located at a point where there seemed no prospect of active duty, and also a general desire to be with the Army of the Potomac again and to have our share in the coming campaign. Mounted drill occupied a portion of each day's time and served to break the monotony that was becoming distasteful.

While here the question came up, "Who stole the little barrel?" One night, about midnight, some of the boys made a raid on the sutler of the 6th New York Heavy Artillery Regiment near us and got a keg of whiskey, and one of the number came into camp for a shovel with which to bury it. Patterson, being on guard, noticed the action and his suspicion being aroused, the next morning he kept his eye on the man. Soon after the morning duties were over, the man started off towards the woods, and about the same time several others started in the same direction. Following them, Patterson saw them meet and dig up a keg and proceed to sample its contents. After it had been well sampled they again buried it and returned to camp, when Patterson proceeded to take possession and carried it around through the woods to the opposite side of camp and hid it again.

In the afternoon another visit was made by the boys to the little keg, but it could not be found. Immediate search was instituted for the keg and kept up for days without success. The constant absence of the boys from camp, and their frequent consultations while in camp, was noted by the others, and it soon leaked out about the object of their search. To add to their discomfort the cry was constantly resounding through camp, "Who stole the little barrel?" In the meantime Patterson had bottled the whiskey and brought it to camp and hid it under the tent floor, of which fact not many who occupied the tent were aware.

In the Battery there was no better comrade or soldier than Charley Allen. Always ready and prompt in duty, of a cheerful disposition but of rather sedate and sober turn, he was never known to do a mean act except in one direction. He rode a little gray horse that was perfectly gentle under saddle and seemed as steady and sober and innocent as Charley himself, but if any one attempted to ride him bareback there was liable to be trouble. Charley, understanding this, was very good in letting the boys have a ride, and was fond of telling them what a nice horse he had and how kind and gentle. If Charley could only persuade some one to ride, the little horse would attend to the rest of it, and more than one lame back and bruised body was the result.

But we about got even with Charley at last. We used to water our horses in the Potomac River, crossing the B. & O. canal, out of which the water had been drawn, on an old flat boat, which lay at the bottom of the canal. One morning, on the way to water, Charley with his little gray broke out of the line, pushed on ahead, and watering his horses, started back from the river as the rest of the Battery approached on the other side of the canal. Wishing to get across before the others, he made a dash for the crossing, but through some miscalculation reached the bank a few feet one side of the old boat. The little horse, coming on a gallop, placed his front feet just over the bank and, dropping his head, stopped to look at the mud, twenty feet away, at the bottom of the canal. Charley kept on and stopped with his head in the black mud and making frantic struggles to reach the ground with his feet. By the time the boys could reach him he had managed to get his feet on the ground and his head out of the mud, and was making desperate efforts to get the mud out of his ears and mouth. Charley never could lend his little gray after that.

Soon after moving to Maryland Heights the Battery was reviewed and inspected by General Barry, Chief of Artillery, and on the 26th of April we were paid for four months up to March 1st.

About the 6th of June, Lee's army started on their move towards Maryland, and on the 10th, General Pleasanton, who had crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's and Beverly's Fords with about 3000 infantry and the cavalry corps, met Stuart's

cavalry at Brandy Station, where a severe cavalry fight took place, at the close of which Pleasanton fell back across the Rappahannock. Ewell's Corps of Lee's army left Brandy Station on the same day and moved in the direction of Winchester, which was occupied by General Milroy with about 9000 troops. On the evening of the 13th an attack was made on Milroy's advanced post at Berryville, the artillery firing being plainly heard by us at Maryland Heights. On the 14th Ewell had moved his corps to Winchester and Martinsburg, and at 6 P. M. an assault was made on Milroy's works, the flashes of the guns being plainly visible and the firing heard from our camp. This attack was a complete surprise and Milroy decided on an immediate retreat, abandoning his artillery and baggage trains. The same night a detachment of Kelley's forces at Martinsburgh were attacked and driven from their position in confusion and disorder, with the loss of five guns. On the morning of the 15th a part of the 6th Virginia Battery and other troops, badly disorganized, reached Maryland Heights from Martinsburgh, and in the evening a Lieutenant and five men of Battery D, 1st Virginia, arrived in our camp, bringing with them a few of their horses, some of which were wounded, with which they had escaped from Winchester. We were under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. On the 17th all the troops from Harper's Ferry were moved to Maryland Heights and a line of works was laid out a short distance from our camp, facing north or towards what had been our rear. We were moved to the new line and went into battery and at once proceeded to throw up earthworks. In the meantime Ewell's Corps of Lee's army had crossed into Maryland and was advancing towards Pennsylvania, and Longstreet and Hill with Stewart's cavalry were moving north by way of the Shenandoah Valley, Stewart and Kilpatrick having a cavalry fight almost daily. On the 24th and 25th Longstreet and Hill crossed the Potomac at Sharpsburg and Williamsport, a few miles north of Harper's Ferry, and on the 25th and 26th Hooker crossed a few miles south of us, so that at the time we were occupying a position between the two hostile armies. On the 27th Hooker occupied South Mountain and Middletown passes, at which date Ewell was at Carlisle, Pa., and on the 28th entered York and advanced to within a few miles of Harrisburgh, the capital of Pennsylvania.

He met with no opposition except the militia that Governor Curtin had hastily called out, and caused the greatest consternation and disorder in those places. The writer, twenty years later, spent several weeks in this vicinity, and some of the old citizens had hardly got over their fright then. On the 26th a brigade from the defences of Washington joined us, one of the regiments being the 23d Maine, whose time of service expired on the 28th, at which date they promptly left for home. On the 28th General Hooker was superseded by General Meade, and he with the army pressed on towards Pennsylvania in search of Lee's army. General W. H. French was appointed to the command of the troops at Harper's Ferry, consisting of 10,000 men, and on the morning of the 30th we left Maryland Heights in the direction of Frederick, stopping over night about two miles from Knoxville, and arrived at Frederick about four o'clock on the 1st of July. The next day (the 2d) we were in camp at Frederick, and on the 3d moved to Monocacy Junction, about four miles from Frederick, where we remained until noon of the 4th. July 1st, 2d and 3d, Lee and Meade had been engaged in the most bloody and hard fought battle of modern times, which resulted in the defeat of Lee's army and his retreat towards Virginia by way of Williamsport. On the 4th, at 1 o'clock, we left the Monocacy and passing through Frederick arrived at Middletown about dark. At this place the troops were divided and sent forward to take possession of the passes in the mountains between Frederick and the Potomac River. The right section of the Battery moved with two regiments towards South Mountain Gap, and the left section, under command of Lieutenant Kimball, accompanied the 6th New York Heavy Artillery towards Crampton Gap. About dark there came up one of those Southern thunder showers and the rain continued for most of the night. With the rain and mud and the intense darkness we had a most uncomfortable and disagreeable night. The left section with the 6th New York Regiment marched until about 11 o'clock, when getting into a hilly, wooded and unknown country, a halt was called and it was decided to wait for daylight. Pickets were placed in advance and our guns placed in battery at a cross roads, and taking possession of the shocks of wheat from a wheat field to make beds to keep us out of the mud, we lay down to rest, after drain-

ing the canteen that Patterson had cut from the New York Adjutant's saddle in the darkness while he was receiving orders from the Colonel. At daylight on the 5th we resumed our march and passing through Burkettsville, moved into Crampton Gap, where we went into position at the forks of the road. We remained in this position until the evening of the 8th, when we were relieved by our old corps (12th) of the Army of the Potomac, which had made a march that day of forty-eight miles. While at Crampton Gap our rations had given out and we were obliged to buy food from the citizens, paying for bread from twenty-five to forty cents a loaf and other things in proportion. The right and centre sections during this time were at South Mountain pass, where they had thrown up works and were watching and waiting for the enemy and occasionally hearing the guns of their artillery as they were being used against Kilpatrick's cavalry. On the morning of the 9th the left section rejoined the rest of the Battery at South Mountain. The troops from Harper's Ferry were now attached to the 3d Corps and General French placed in command of the corps, succeeding General Sickles, who was dangerously wounded at Gettysburgh. The roads were crowded with troops and it was nearly night before we passed through the gap and went into camp at midnight. The next morning (10th) we harnessed up early but did not start until about 11 o'clock, when we made a slow march on account of the crowded roads. We passed near Boonsboro and at six o'clock went into camp near Keedysville on the same ground occupied by us at the battle of Antietam. The infantry and a portion of the artillery were in front of us, occupying the old battlefield. We unharnessed about 10 o'clock, at which time the troops began to move back in the direction of Boonsboro. On the morning of the 11th we marched at 6 o'clock with the rest of the artillery brigade, and passing through Boonsboro, went into camp at nine o'clock at Rockton. Several of the boys visited the 3d and 4th Maine Regiments to see friends and found that they were mere fragments of regiments. The 3d numbered only 86 men and had been consolidated with the 4th for the time under command of Colonel Lakeman. After resting until three o'clock, we resumed our march and about midnight halted at the little village of Roxbury. The morning of the 12th we harnessed early. We were about five miles from Williams-

port and the same distance from Hagerstown. Lee's army was between us and the river, two miles distant, in line of battle, and our troops were fast moving up and taking their positions in line about a mile in front of us. We watched their movements with the greatest interest and anxiety. About noon we were ordered into position at the front, and as we moved across the fields on this beautiful Sabbath day, our thoughts turned back toward our homes and the friends there, and we wondered if we should ever see them again and what the day had in store for us. We were looking for, and expecting, hot work, and there was not much of boisterousness or laughter as we took our position in line and unlimbered our guns within sight of the enemy. The skirmishers were keeping up a brisk firing, but neither side seemed willing to make an attack. Slowly the hours wore away, but no general movement was made, and we anxiously watched the skirmishers firing in our front and waited for the coming night. When darkness came we fed and watered our horses, cooked our coffee, and after supper spread our blankets and lay down by our guns for a rest. On the morning of the 13th we were up early, but as the hours passed and no movement was made by either side, we began to wonder what the meaning of it was. Everything was quiet all along the line, except a little picket firing. We remained in the same position all day and again slept by our guns. The next morning (14th) the line of battle moved forward and found the enemy had disappeared across the river, except one brigade, which was captured. The army, amazed, provoked, enraged and swearing at Lee's army being allowed to escape us, started slowly in pursuit.

The Battery moved forward in the afternoon about two miles and at night camped at St. James College, which had been Lee's headquarters on the 13th. Here was seen something of the havoc of war. The splendid buildings and grounds were strewn with costly books, manuscripts, pictures, furniture, etc., which had been needlessly destroyed. On the 15th we were started about eight o'clock and, marching very fast, crossed the old battlefield of Antietam, and passing the Dunker Church and through Sharpsburgh, camped for the night about three miles south of the town on the Harper's Ferry road. On the corn field between the east and west woods, where the conflict had raged so fiercely the September before, the graves and trenches

where the dead had been buried showed very distinctly by the rank growth of the corn.

On the 16th we moved about eight o'clock and after a short march of about six miles went into camp three miles from Sandy Hook, where we remained until about five o'clock the next day, when we resumed our march. Rain had been falling most of the time for two days and the mud was such as can be found only in Virginia and Maryland. The roads were crowded with troops and our progress was slow. At three o'clock in the morning we had not reached Sandy Hook, which was only a distance of three miles. At this time everything came to a standstill and the boys lay down in the road and mud and slept soundly until daylight, when we again moved forward and crossed the pontoon into Harper's Ferry, also the suspension bridge across the Shenandoah into Loudon County, Virginia, and at about one o'clock went into camp near Hillsboro. On the 19th we marched about six o'clock and soon after noon went into camp near Snicker's Gap. The 20th we marched with the advanced guard and left camp about four o'clock in the morning, and moving rapidly, passed through Snickersville and Upperville and went into camp about a mile from that place soon after noon. Here we received some new horses to replace the ones that had become worn out from the last three weeks' constant marching.

The next day (21st) we remained in camp and spent the day in cleaning up, and it seems that some of the boys did a little foraging, as fresh pork and roast goose was on the bill of fare in some of the detachments. On the 22d we did not move until afternoon, when we took a long, circuitous route and at 11 o'clock at night went into camp in Manassas Gap, eight miles from Front Royal. Forty men of the 14th Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, who had been with us for about three weeks, returned to their regiment at this time, leaving us very short-handed. After about three hours' sleep we were called and at four o'clock on the 23d we moved forward about two miles and went into position, relieving a battery of horse artillery, and having the 3d and 4th Maine for supports. At noon we moved forward a mile and a half to Wapping Heights and were placed in position on the skirmish line, with the enemy's skirmishers a quarter of a mile in front of us. About one o'clock the skirm-

ishers on our side advanced and brisk skirmishing kept up all the afternoon, and the enemy were steadily driven back until five o'clock, when they were about a mile from us. At this time the Excelsior Brigade, with the 3d and 4th Maine, made a charge and drove them from the hill they were occupying, and at the same time we became engaged with one of their batteries and quite an artillery duel ensued, lasting for about an hour, but with little damage to either side. During this engagement we had from our position a fine and extensive view of the skirmishing and the movements of the troops as well as the charge that was made.

During the afternoon a flock of sheep appeared in the field between the skirmish lines in our front, and notwithstanding the skirmish firing, the temptation was so strong that Patterson, Lew Weston and Frank White started out for a sheep, and after chasing the flock all over the side of the hill and almost into the enemy's line they secured the sheep.

CHAPTER IV.

NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK—NEAR CULPEPER—RETREAT TO CENTREVILLE—MCLEAN'S FORD—KELLY'S FORD—BRANDY STATION.

General Lee, finding that Meade's army was in force at this point, turned back and crossed to the east of the mountains further up at Thornton and Chester Gaps, and arrived at Culpeper on the 24th. On the morning of the 24th a brigade of infantry moved forward, accompanied by the Keystone Battery, as far as Front Royal, about four miles, but the enemy had entirely disappeared and upon their return, about noon, we all started back down the Gap in the direction of Warrenton, our corps (3d) being accompanied by the 2d, and the 5th following a day later. About nine o'clock we went into camp, after a hot and hard day's march. On the 25th we were attached to a brigade of Prince's Division, and harnessed up about 10 o'clock and waited for the army to pass. For nine hours the roads were filled with troops and trains, and it was not until six o'clock that our brigade fell in behind the last wagon as rear guard. The roads were terrible and about 10 o'clock we had a heavy shower to soften the mud. It was after midnight when we went into camp, wet, tired and mad. On the morning of the 26th we marched at seven o'clock and passed through Warrenton about 11 o'clock, and three miles from the town went into camp, where we had a few days' rest, and improved the time in cleaning up our guns and harnesses as well as ourselves. While here the "Keystone Battery" of our brigade, with whom we were on very friendly terms, left us for home, its term of service having expired.

On the morning of August 1st we started on the march again in the direction of Sulphur Springs, but after going three or four miles, countermarched and took another road, and about

sunset went into camp two miles from Bealton. During the day we had passed over roads and ground that had become familiar to us on our march from Sulphur Springs a year before. The next morning we moved camp to the edge of a piece of woods, where we remained several weeks with but little to break the monotony of camp life except daily drills and frequent reviews and inspections by officers of all sorts and grades from General Meade down to Captain Robinson. While here the weather was intensely hot, the thermometer at times being over a hundred, and after a few days in camp the flies became the burden of our lives. In eating we had to drive them off the food and then bite quick or we would get a mouthful of flies. Many of the other Maine troops were camped in our vicinity and much visiting was done between the regiments and batteries. On the 18th of August Lieutenant White went to Maine on recruiting service and did not rejoin the Battery until the following May at Spottsylvania. On the same date, L. Hunton, who was injured on our march from Cedar Creek the year before, rejoined the Battery. The same day we moved camp about a mile to a more desirable locality, but found just as many flies. At this time we first witnessed a military execution, when five deserters were shot in the 5th Corps, not far from our camp. Large bounties were then being paid to recruits and many were making a regular business of enlisting, and deserting at the first opportunity, then again enlisting; and in order to break this up it became necessary to enforce the penalty for desertion.

The 12th of September, the cavalry and the 2d Corps crossed the Rappahannock, and from the sound of the cannonading we knew that they were engaging the enemy. By night the enemy had fallen back and the 2d Corps occupied Culpeper.

On the 15th we broke camp at 4 P. M. and took the old road towards Sulphur Springs and went into camp about dark. The next morning we moved at seven o'clock and taking the fields and woods, crossed the east branch of the Rappahannock about one o'clock and the main river about four o'clock, arriving within five miles of Culpeper at midnight, after a long and hard day's march. During the afternoon we had a caisson axle broken, which caused us much annoyance.

On the morning of the 17th, we marched at seven o'clock and after repeatedly halting and marching we went into camp

at four o'clock a mile north of Culpeper, very near the ground that we had occupied more than thirteen months before. We remained here more than three weeks, with frequent rumors of moving and once going so far as to pack up with eight days' rations and forage on our caissons. While here very interesting religious meetings were held each evening in the artillery brigade camp, which were attended regularly by many of the members of the Battery.

On the 25th of September a very fine sabre was presented to Captain Robinson by the Battery, Lieutenant H. C. Haynes making the presentation speech, to which the Captain responded, complimenting the Battery for its efficiency and good standing and expressing his good wishes to all. About this time Rosecrans was being badly pushed at Chickamauga, and the 11th Corps under Howard and 12th under Slocum were sent to his aid from the Army of the Potomac, both corps leaving the Rappahannock on the 24th of September, under command of General Hooker. We had been in the 12th Corps during the summer and fall of 1862 and there always existed a feeling of love for, and pride in, the old corps.

On the 7th of October General Lee commenced a movement around our right flank, and immediately the whole Army of the Potomac, which had marched all the way from Gettysburg to give battle to Lee, was ordered to retreat. On the 10th we hitched up and about noon moved to near General French's headquarters, where we staid in harness the rest of the day and all night, hearing during the afternoon some firing in the direction of the Rapidan. On the morning of the 11th everything was in full retreat, and at eight o'clock, after being harnessed up nearly twenty-four hours, we joined the moving columns, going back over the same route on which we had advanced a month before. The artillery and wagons took the roads and the infantry marched through the fields on the left, with a line of skirmishers thrown out. About two miles from Culpeper a little skirmish firing took place within sight, but nothing serious enough resulted to interfere with the race between the two armies for the Rappahannock, and we crossed it on a pontoon about five o'clock, and Hazel River soon after dark, when we went into camp.

On the next morning we moved about a mile and with the

rest of the artillery brigade went into park and stood in harness all day. Sedgwick with the 6th Corps recrossed the river, and finding Lee crossing at the fords above, wanted to attack, but was not allowed to do so and was called back to the east side of the river, and the next morning (the 13th) the foot race was again renewed towards Washington. Our horses had stood in harness all night and about three o'clock we were ordered to report to General Prince (who had commanded our brigade at Cedar Mountain) at five o'clock and march with the 2d Division. We marched steadily all day, passing through Warrenton, and about dark the division halted for an hour or two for a short rest and to get supper. The fences on each side of the road were used for fires and the line of fire on each side of the road for miles was a grand sight. Refreshed and rested, we again started on our night march through the drizzling rain. After passing the fires we entered a piece of woods and in the intense darkness, the caisson of the 3d detachment got out of the road and went over a bank, the caisson landing in a small stream bottom side up, the horses on their backs and the drivers thrown into the bushes. In a little time things were straightened out and our march continued until four o'clock, when we went into camp near Greenwich. Sergeant Powers, fearing that the infantry that lay all about us might steal something, very considerably and generously volunteered to sit up and watch the things of his detachment, but when we were called to hitch up, an hour later, he was very much chagrined to find that the only thing that had been stolen was his own overcoat that he had placed by his side. After an hour's rest we were called, and hitching up, resumed the race for Bull Run. About 11 o'clock we reached Bristoe Station, where we halted an hour and then continued our march, crossing the Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford about four o'clock, and going into position covering the ford. In the meantime the 2d and 5th Corps had become heavily engaged with the enemy at Bristoe (where we had been at noon), the fight commencing about 3.30 and lasting until dark. The loss on both sides was quite severe. About dark we moved to near Centreville and went into camp for the night.

On the morning of the 15th the artillery brigade moved about nine o'clock, Battery K, 4th United States, being in advance and the 4th Maine next in line. Soon after starting we passed the

5th and 6th Maine Batteries. After a march of five or six miles the brigade was massed behind the hills near Union Mills and soon after a section of Battery K was called for at McLean's Ford, which was held by General Mott's New Jersey Brigade. Battery K not being able, with their smoothbore guns, to reach the enemy's battery that was shelling Mott's Brigade, a section of the 4th Maine with its rifled guns was called for. When the orderly had delivered his message the order was promptly given to Lieutenant Kimball's section: "Drivers and cannoneers mount; trot, march," and starting up the hill, an attempt was made to keep up with the orderly who was guiding them. The route was an old wood road, and with the horses at full gallop and the wheels bouncing over the knolls, stumps and logs, it was a wild ride. The Sergeant, noticing Corporal Bates and Patterson apparently looking for a chance to jump off the limber, shouted to them, "Don't jump," and received a very emphatic reply that they had had enough of that kind of a ride. Soon Sergeant Powers was hit by a bullet and fell from his horse. He managed to roll out of the way of the team following, and when asked if he wanted help replied, "No, go on, I can take care of myself." After a ride of two miles the section reached General Mott in the road leading to the ford and was ordered into position, the third piece taking position in the road and the fourth piece in the bushes at the right. As the third piece unlimbered, a shot struck in the road, about 100 feet in front, and ricocheted just over the boys' heads. The General, noticing that the gun detachment was short-handed, asked the Sergeant what he was going to do for cannoneers, and was told that the drivers were to be used. At the same time the Sergeant asked for a detail of infantry to hold the horses, which was promptly ordered but did not arrive until the section was leaving. The position was one of the worst that was possible. The section of Battery K had just been driven from it, the enemy had a complete range, and from the start it was hot. The fourth piece in attempting to get into position had got into difficulty, and so it was the third piece singly against a whole battery. The boys of the third piece were feeding it to the Johnnies for all they were worth, and at the same time the bushes were being cut down by the side of us and the air was filled with gravel from the road and bursting

shell. The third piece had fired fifteen shots, in less than half that number of minutes, when a shell passed about three feet over General Mott's head and he at once called "Get out of here." This order was promptly obeyed. As the gun was being limbered, a bursting shell cut Joe French's whip in two and also cut the hame strap of his pole horse, allowing the hames and neck yoke to fall to the ground. The boys lifted the hames so Joe could reach them and hold them up while we got out of there. During the melee the fourth piece got straightened out in time to fire two or three shots. The engagement had been for only a very few minutes, but the boys present pronounced it to be the hottest few minutes that they saw during the service and never could understand how they escaped without more serious loss. The section fell back a short distance and was again getting into position, when Captain Randolph, the Chief of Artillery, ordered the guns to be moved to a position about half a mile to the left and where Captain Robinson soon after came up with the rest of the Battery. Here we had a good position and after a brisk fire for about an hour and a half the Jolunies quit the dispute. Upon advancing a few days later we learned that we had dismounted two of their guns during the engagement. Here Charles Frost exhibited some very good and successful work in dodging a shell by falling to the ground, the shell just passing over his back, and when he got up claimed that he had "escaped a great mercy."

During this engagement the third piece fired forty-one rounds in about two and a half hours. We remained in position during the night and towards morning a rain-storm commenced which lasted most of the day and from which we could provide but little shelter.

During the morning of the 16th a little picket firing was heard across the stream in our front, and in the afternoon our cavalry drove the rebel pickets from the woods and across the flats before us.

We remained harnessed up, in position all day and the succeeding night, in readiness for action. During the 17th there was some light cavalry skirmishing in our front, but the enemy did not seem to be in much force and on the morning of the 18th they had entirely disappeared.

During the day the 2d Corps with some cavalry moved for-

ward on a reconnoissance, and in the afternoon we could hear them having a light engagement in the direction of Bristoe Station.

On the morning of the 19th we moved at seven o'clock, crossed the stream and passed over the ground occupied by the enemy during the engagement of the 15th, and by way of Manassas Junction to near Bristoe, where we went into camp at about four o'clock. On the next morning we were again on the move at six o'clock, and passing the station we crossed over the battlefield where the 2d and 5th Corps had their hard fight on the 14th, and where the new-made graves were very numerous and the unburied dead horses lay very thick on the field. Passing in a westerly direction, after many and frequent halts, we arrived near Greenwich about five o'clock and went into camp near the place where we had halted on the morning of the 14th. On the morning of the 21st we marched at sunrise, and taking a long and circuitous route, arrived at Catlett's Station about noon and went into camp. We remained in this locality until the 30th, moving during the time twice, about half a mile each time, and having a cold, wet and disagreeable time and not remaining long enough in one place to fix up comfortable quarters. The railroad had been completely destroyed west from Manassas Junction by the enemy, and the troops were kept busy rebuilding and putting it in running shape as a means of transportation for supplies. On the morning of the 30th we marched at seven o'clock and arrived at Warrenton Junction, a distance of five miles, about noon, and went into camp near the railroad, a large force of infantry being in line of battle a short distance in front of us. We remained in camp at Warrenton Junction until November 7th, having beautiful weather and with nothing of note unless it was the arrest of Sergeant Bates and Corporal Plummer on the afternoon of the 6th by the provost guard for target shooting with their revolvers. As we moved the next morning, nothing more was heard of it.

On the morning of the seventh the whole army started on the advance. We hitched up at four o'clock and at eight o'clock fell into our place in line of march. Early in the morning eight 30-pound and six 20-pound guns passed us on the way to the front, which led us to think that there might be lively work before night. The 5th and 6th Corps under Sedgwick

moved in the direction of Rappahannock Station, where the enemy had strong works, and the 1st and 3d Corps under French moved in the direction of Kelley's Ford, with instructions to drive the enemy across the river. At two o'clock the 3d Corps had succeeded in their task, capturing 1000 prisoners. Towards noon we began to hear firing ahead of us, and about two o'clock, when at Mt. Holly church, we came in sight of our batteries that were engaged.

Leaving our battery wagon and forge with the spare horses, etc., we moved forward to near the river and went into position with three other batteries. Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, being on our right and a little in advance of our position, we could not use our guns with any effect and were obliged to stand for two hours under a very disagreeable artillery fire, shells passing through and over us, but fortunately without damage.

Randolf's Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, was quite briskly engaged and lost one man killed and two severely wounded. Just before dark, Russell's Division of the 6th Corps made a most gallant charge upon the enemy's works at Rappahannock Station, about four miles from us, and captured a large number of prisoners, including two brigade commanders. In this charge the 5th and 6th Maine distinguished themselves by their splendid and gallant work. At eight o'clock we crossed the river on a pontoon and went into park for the night. On the morning of the 8th we started between seven and eight o'clock and moved up the west bank of the river to the railroad and then to the west to Brandy Station, where we halted and went into park, the 1st, 2d and 6th Corps and our own corps being in the immediate vicinity. During the afternoon there were some slight engagements as the enemy was being pushed back towards Culpeper.

They had evidently made preparations for remaining through the winter, and their well laid out camps with log huts all built were very acceptable to Meade's army. On the afternoon of the 6th we were started out hurriedly with a brigade of infantry in the direction of Pony Mountain, but after going a short distance the movement, whatever it was, was abandoned and we returned to camp.

On the 10th we harnessed up at eight o'clock, ready to march, and at noon moved across the railroad about a mile and went

into camp and remained until the next day, when we again moved about a mile to the east and went into camp with the rest of the artillery brigade of the 3d Corps, in a pine grove near the headquarters of the Provost Marshal (General Patrick) and about a mile from General Meade's headquarters. For the next two weeks there was but little to disturb our camp life, and as the weather was getting cool, all were busy in building quarters and making ourselves comfortable. The pine trees were utilized in building log huts about four feet high, the shelter tents being used for roofs, and in many of them fireplaces were built with stone, or sticks and mud, and the chimney topped out with an old barrel. One of these huts about six feet by ten accommodated four men, two bunks being built across the back end, one above the other, leaving a space about six feet square for our sitting room, dining room and kitchen. We also had to provide shelter for the horses and a stable was built by setting pine logs on end for a stockade and covering the roof with brush. This did not provide much shelter from the rain, but broke off the cold winds.

CHAPTER V.

MINE RUN—WINTER AT BRANDY STATION—RE-ENLISTMENTS —CAPT. ROBINSON CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

We had just got in pretty good shape for the winter's rest when on the 22d we had orders to be ready to march early the next morning. It proving rainy, the contemplated movement was postponed, and after being harnessed and packed up several hours, we unharnessed and pitched our tents again.

Next morning, the 24th, the same performance was gone through with. These orders and counter orders and standing around all day in the rain and wind did not contribute very much towards the good nature of the boys, and if the Generals had been near by they possibly might have heard some rather uncomplimentary remarks.

On the morning of the 26th the movement across the Rapidan commenced. We harnessed at four o'clock and at daylight moved out of camp and across the railroad, and with our corps took the road in the direction of Jacob's Ford, where the 3d Corps was to cross the Rapidan. The weather was cold and disagreeable and the roads difficult, being badly cut up by the passage of the long trains of wagons and artillery, so that our progress was slow. This was Thanksgiving day at our homes, and as we ate our Thanksgiving dinner of hardtack and raw pork as we moved along (not stopping long enough to build a fire to make coffee and cook our meat) we thought of our friends who were gathered around the Thanksgiving table at home, and how much we would enjoy being with them. At dark we reached the Rapidan and found that the crossing for artillery was impossible, and were obliged to go to Germania Ford, four miles below, to cross. The roads were blocked with trains and artillery, and most of the night was spent standing in the road, with frequent short moves. Some of the boys man-

aged to get short naps, but most of us found it too cold to sleep, and were obliged to keep moving around to keep warm. About seven o'clock on the 27th we moved slowly forward and at ten o'clock crossed the Rapidan on the pontoon bridge, and a short distance from the river halted and groomed and fed our horses and had a chance to make coffee. The 3d Corps (our corps) was on the advance and had been slightly engaged with the enemy all of the way as they were pushing forward towards the Orange turnpike. About noon we moved on down the Germania plank road four miles, and then struck across to the right to the Orange plank road and at three o'clock went into park. In the meantime General French had met the enemy in force at Payne's farm, a short distance ahead of us, and becoming heavily engaged, part of the 6th Corps was hurried forward to his assistance, but the hour had become so late that no further attempt to advance was deemed advisable and we remained in place through the night.

On the morning of the 28th French's and Sedgwick's Corps passed to the left to connect with Warren's Corps, and an advance was made along the line of the Orange turnpike. About nine o'clock our Battery came to Robertson's tavern and halted two hours near General Meade's headquarters, and soon after noon advanced to the left through woods and fields. Our progress was slow and we did not go into camp until midnight, when we were but a short distance from Mine Run Stream, where the two armies were facing each other on the opposite banks in line of battle. During the day there had been much heavy skirmishing and reconnoissances made in various directions but no general engagement. During the night of the 28th General Warren with his corps (5th), one division of the 6th and a portion of the 3d Corps, with 300 cavalry, started on a flank movement to the left, but the movement not proving successful, late on the 29th the troops were returned to the Mine Run line. In the afternoon our Battery moved to the line of battle, with McKnight's 12th New York Battery on our right and Sleeper's 10th Massachusetts on our left, with the 17th Maine and 105th New York Regiments as supports. The enemy was in plain view about a mile in front of us, busily engaged throwing up earthworks, and we at once proceeded to follow their example. During the day there was some skirm-

ishing, but time was spent mostly in maneuvering for a position. During the night of the 29th the 5th and 6th Corps were massed on the right under General Sedgwick, with orders for an assault on the morning of the 30th. On that morning everything was quiet along the lines until 8.30, when the artillery on our right suddenly opened all along the line and at the same moment General French rode by us and ordered us to commence firing. Our Battery with the 12th New York and 10th Massachusetts immediately commenced a rapid fire upon the enemy's works in front of us, but we received no reply from the enemy. After about half an hour of cannonading, orders were given to cease firing and it afterwards proved that the contemplated attack had been abandoned. Soon after we had ceased firing, the enemy opened with a battery in our front, and their shells, striking among our guns and passing over our heads, did not make us feel very comfortable.

The most trying experience a soldier can have is to lie quietly under an artillery fire and be obliged to remain inactive, as he watches the shells go ploughing through the earth and through the ranks, and listens to their terrific shriek as they pass just over his head. We gave no response; the enemy ceased firing, and for the remainder of the day we remained quietly in position watching the picket firing in our front, which was kept up through the day. The weather was intensely cold and when it came night preparations were made to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Large quantities of fence rails were brought for fires, and after our horses had been cared for and we had partaken of our hardtack and coffee, the paulins from the guns were spread close to the fire as a protection from the frozen ground, and we lay down close together, spoon fashion, covering ourselves with our blankets. One disadvantage in this way of sleeping was that one was obliged to rest on the same side the whole night, not being able to turn over unless the whole row turned at the same time. A detail was made to keep the fires burning, and although our feet were as near the fire as they could be without burning, it was a most uncomfortable night and we did not sleep much on account of the cold. On the picket line a few hundred feet in front of us some of the pickets were found in the morning frozen to death.

The movement, considered as a failure, had proved to be a

complete success, and early on the morning of the 1st of December the movement of the army back to its old quarters began. About five o'clock we were quietly turned out and with three other batteries of our brigade under command of Captain Robinson moved out to the turnpike by moonlight, and with a large portion of the artillery from the other corps joined the reserve artillery and started back towards the Rapidan. The morning was intensely cold and the roads, which had been terribly cut up during the past three days by the artillery and hundreds of baggage wagons, had been frozen solid, making the roughest traveling possible. We had gone but a short distance before two of our gun and caisson axles broke, which caused some delay. A drag pole was improvised to take the gun along, the ammunition from the caisson was buried, and the wheels and body piled on the other caissons. About noon we arrived at the river at Culpeper Mine Ford, five miles below Germania Ford, and crossing, moved out two miles and went into park. Throughout the day all the roads were crowded with the artillery and trains moving to the rear. During the night we were called to hitch up, but did not move out of camp, and in the morning (December 2d) the infantry began to pass us on the way to Brandy Station. About noon we fell in with the column of march, moving with the 2d and part of the 6th Corps. The artillery had the roads and the infantry marched in several columns through the fields and woods on either side. Owing to the blocked condition of the road, our progress was slow, and soon after dark and about four miles from Brandy Station, we turned out of the road near a small stream and halted for the night without unharnessing.

On the morning of the 3d we resumed our march at sunrise and about 10 o'clock arrived at our old quarters which we had left a week before. The week of the Mine Run campaign had been one of the most uncomfortable of our army experience, it having been either rainy, muddy or cold all of the time. Although again in our old camp, we were not allowed to rest but during the next two days we harnessed and packed ready to move three times, and after standing a few hours would receive orders to unharness and pitch our tents again. Possibly some one could see the need of this, but we could see no fun in it. We had now been in the service two years and had

received but a very few recruits, while our losses from death, discharged for disability, and absent in the hospital had reduced our numbers to 83, or a little more than one-half of our full number. As the drivers and those detailed for special duty, such as teamsters, artificers, buglers, etc., had to be kept in full numbers, this reduced our cannoneers to two to each gun in addition to the Sergeant and Corporals.

After a few days we began to feel pretty sure of remaining where we were for the winter, and went to work in earnest to make ourselves as comfortable as possible by remodeling and improving our log huts and camp, corduroying the stable for the horses and grading up the grounds. At this time orders were issued that we should not use the trees near camp for fire wood, and Captain Robinson would not allow teams to haul any for us unless we would consent to have a Battery cook. The boys objected to having a company cook and insisted upon each detachment drawing its rations and cooking as suited themselves. The result was that all wood for fires and cooking purposes had to be brought on the back for more than a mile.

About this time we were annoyed very much by finding horses loose, and sometimes missing, in the morning and their halters gone. After the Captain had given out new halters each morning for several days he said that we must keep them good for he should not give out any more.

In a few days each detachment had a stock of halters on hand, and by a remarkable coincidence the cavalry regiment in camp some two or three hundred feet from us were very busy looking for stray horses which they always found without halters. As Christmas approached, boxes filled with eatables and mementoes from those at home began to come in very freely, and there were few who were not cheered by receiving something that had been prepared by loving hands in the old Pine Tree State. During the last of December twenty of the boys took advantage of the opportunity that was given those who had been in the service for two years or more to re-enlist for three years. As an inducement there was offered a government bounty of \$402, which with the State and town bounties that were given made a total bounty of \$700 and in some cases \$800, and, what had perhaps a greater effect, a furlough of thirty-five days. During January others re-enlisted until the number of re-enlisted men

in the Battery numbered forty-five, which was nearly sixty per cent of those entitled to the privilege. As only about a third could be spared from the Battery at one time, it was not until we were on the Wilderness campaign in May that the last ones returned from furlough.

During the winter religious meetings were held regularly nearly every evening by members of the Christian Commission and Chaplains of regiments in the artillery brigade camp. Early in the winter a large log house had been built by the soldiers for this purpose, and this was usually well filled, and the meetings were of much interest. A school of instruction for the non-commissioned officers was also maintained and presided over by Lieutenant Haynes, the Sergeants and Corporals meeting on alternate nights. Much interest was taken in these classes and the results were very beneficial in the gaining a better knowledge of gunnery and a clearer understanding of Battery movements and drill. A school of this character two years earlier would have been of great advantage to us. During our two years' service we thought that we had learned all about Virginia mud, but it was not until this winter that we fully understood all its possibilities. Roads after a day or two of use became impassable and a new route had to be taken, until nearly the whole country was a series of abandoned roads. In one place near our camp a six-mule team had foundered in the sea of mud and all that could be seen were the ears of the mules and the floating harnesses. Probably the driver got ashore some way. During January and February the Battery received about forty recruits, which, with those who returned from the hospital, filled our ranks so that the detachments had a full complement of cannoneers. The mud would not permit of much mounted drill, but the reviews and inspections were frequent, too frequent we thought. During the winter there was but little to break up the usual routine of camp life.

By this time we had become pretty well accustomed to soldier life, and the days, aside from our little troubles and trials, passed very pleasantly and the pranks of Patterson and Bartlett kept the boys in good humor, while Bartlett's laugh could often be heard sounding through the camp. Perhaps the most excitement that we had was on the night that Amasa Weston's tent caught fire and he lay calling for help, but made no effort to get

out. A crowd quickly gathered and after some very emphatic language had been used to him he made a break through the burning tent, and escaped with a badly burned face which sent him to the hospital for a time. John Rider also added his share towards the boys' amusements. Every member of the 4th Battery will remember "Change Step" Rider and his sudden changes from piety to profanity.

In December Captain Robinson became Chief of Artillery of the 3d Corps, succeeding Captain Randolph, which left Lieutenant Kimball in command of our Battery. Lieutenant White being in Maine on recruiting service, the only officers we had with us were Lieutenants Kimball and Haynes. In January Captain Robinson was commissioned Major, but for some reason was not mustered in as such. In April he returned to Maine on account of sickness and died at home early in the summer. During the winter there was quite a change in the non-commissioned officers. Among the promotions were Corporal Brooks to be Sergeant, and Jerre Keene, Charlie Allen and H. B. Stevens to be Corporals, all being promotions that were well merited. In February Corporal Plummer received a commission as Lieutenant in the 30th United States Colored Regiment, and early in May Sergeant Powers received a commission as Lieutenant in a colored regiment, and they left us with the hearty good wishes of the boys and a feeling of regret at the loss of efficient and worthy comrades. During the summer of 1863 we had a detail of men from the 4th New York Heavy Artillery and among the number was Henry Fowler, better known among the boys as "Old Kye." During his stay of a year and a half with us Fowler was our blacksmith, and a more willing comrade never lived, and his well known and inexhaustible good nature was constantly put to the severest tests by the innumerable pranks of Frank Barlett and the other boys. Fowler died ten years after the war in his native town of White Plains, N. Y., where he was a most respected citizen.

On the morning of February 6th, we were awakened at three o'clock by the reveille being sounded, and we immediately struck tents and hitched up, having orders to move at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock the orders were countermanded and we unhitched, with orders to be ready for a move at a moment's notice. During the day heavy cannonading was heard at inter-

vals in the direction of the Rapidan, and towards night heavy musketry, and we could see the shells bursting in the air. The next morning we were again turned out at five o'clock, but the movement of troops which had been made in conjunction with General Butler's forces on the James had accomplished the purpose intended, and the usual order of camp life was resumed. On February 28 General Kilpatrick accompanied by Colonel Dahlgreen started out on the Kilpatrick-Dahlgreen raid in the direction of Richmond, passing to the right of Lee's army by way of Spottsylvania. As a diversion General Custer with 2000 cavalry was sent in the direction of Charlottesville, passing to the left of Lee's army, the 6th Corps, and Birny's Division of the 3d Corps, moving with him to Madison Court House. The result of this move was our loss of quite a number who were taken prisoners, and several were killed, Colonel Dahlgreen being among the number.

CHAPTER VI.

TRANSFERRED TO 6th CORPS—WILDERNESS—SPOTTSYLVANIA—
NORTH ANNA—HANOVERTOWN—COLD HARBOR.

On the 9th of March General Grant received his commission as Lieutenant General and was placed in command of all the armies of the United States. A few days later he established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac at Culpeper. On the 23d of March a reorganization of the Army of the Potomac was made, which had been under consideration during the winter, in which the five corps were consolidated into three. The 1st Corps was incorporated with the 5th and the 3d Corps was divided, the 1st and 2d Divisions being placed in the 2d Corps and the 3d Division in the 6th Corps. This change brought our Battery into the 6th Corps and, April 10th, our artillery brigade camp was broken up and we moved to the 6th Corps and were attached to the artillery brigade under command of Colonel Tompkins. The artillery brigade of the 6th Corps in the Wilderness campaign consisted of the

Fourth Maine, Lieutenant Kimball.

First Massachusetts, Captain McCartney.

First New York, Captain Cowan.

Third New York, Captain Harn.

C, First Rhode Island, Captain Waterman.

E, First Rhode Island, Captain Rhodes.

G, First Rhode Island, Captain Adams.

M, Fifth United States, Captain McKnight.

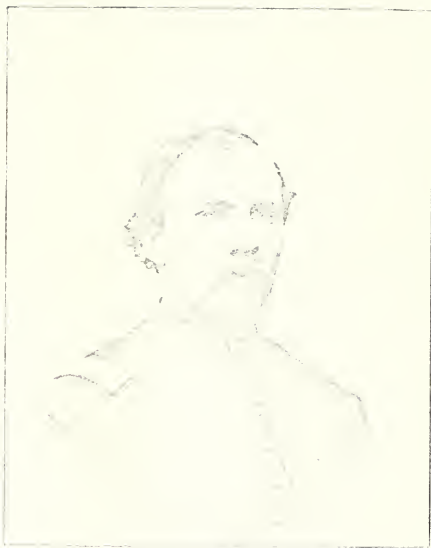
To which were added, May 17th:

Fifth Maine, Captain Stevens.

First New Jersey, Captain Hexamer.

H, First Ohio, Captain Dorsey.

E, 5th United States, Lieutenant Brinkle.



CAPTAIN CHARLES W. WHITE.

From this time active preparations were in progress for the coming campaign which was soon to open. Harnesses and equipments were put in first-class condition and old and worn-out horses replaced. Drilling was resumed and inspections and reviews were frequent. On April 18th the 6th Corps was reviewed by General Grant and every one was on the "qui vive" to see the General whose fame and successes had towered above all others. We were rather disappointed to see such a quiet, unassuming man and to have the review pass off with so little fuss and show. The weeding out of everything that would impede the movement of the army was vigorously pushed. Baggage was reduced to actual necessities. All sutlers were sent to the rear and the sick sent to the hospitals, and we all felt that we were down to business as we had never been before.

As we were still without a full complement of men, on April 28th a detail of fourteen men from the 4th New York Heavy Artillery was made to the Battery, who remained with us for several weeks.

On the morning of May 4th we were called at two o'clock and at four o'clock fell in place in line, moving south to the station and then by the same road that we had taken in November on the Mine Run trip. We arrived at Germania Ford and crossed on the pontoon at three o'clock and halted for the night. The army was again south of the Rapidan. Hancock with the 2d Corps had crossed at Ely's Ford and was on the left near Chambersville, and Warren was with the 5th at Wilderness Tavern at the intersection of the Orange turnpike and Germania plank road, with Sedgwick on the right. Our horses stood harnessed and hitched up, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down by the guns ready for call at any moment. On the 5th we were called at three o'clock and at once moved down the plank road to the left. During the morning General Grant passed by us with a very small escort of less than thirty cavalrymen. Moving so quietly and with so little show, few would have believed him to be the commander of the armies of the United States, except for the three stars on the shoulder straps of his well-worn uniform. Arriving near Wilderness Tavern, we were placed in park near the road, with strict orders for no one to leave their gun and in order to water the horses only one pair to be taken from the team at a time. During the

morning skirmishing had commenced to the west of the road, and by twelve o'clock the fight had become heavy and general. The 6th Corps had faced to the right in unison with the rest of the army and was in position at the right of the Orange plank road, which was held by Warren with the 5th Corps, which had been fiercely attacked by Ewell's Corps. The Wilderness has been described so many times that it is not necessary to say more than that the word fully describes the country, and every one engaged in that memorable conflict distinctly remembers the level country thickly covered with scrub oak and bushes through which it was almost impossible for troops to move and where the range of vision extended only a few yards. In such a place artillery was of very little use, and so this was peculiarly an infantry battle. As the day advanced the musketry increased intensely and by four o'clock it was a constant roll from Sedgwick's right to Hancock's left, some four miles away. We had been in many engagements during the past two years, but this exceeded anything we had yet heard. The troops were hidden by the thick bushes, so that we could only judge of what was going on by the sound. As the sun set and darkness came on the heavy volleys from the whole length of the line continued, gradually quieting down late in the evening, but with an occasional volley during the night.

In accordance with orders an attack was made at five o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the whole length of the line. Sedgwick on the right and Warren in the centre met with stubborn opposition, and, although the fighting was furious and desperate, did not succeed in making any advance. On the left Hancock broke and drove the enemy for some distance, but a little later Longstreet arrived on the scene with the fresh troops which Lee had hurried forward, and after a most fierce and deadly struggle Hancock was driven back to his position of the night before. During the morning Burnside's Corps had arrived on the field from the Rappahannock with his 9th Corps of 18,000 men, and was hurried past the 6th Corps to the assistance of Hancock and Warren. We had been awakened at three o'clock and stood listening intently and anxiously all the morning to the sound of the constant and terrific roar of musketry. After nine o'clock there was a little lull until about two o'clock, when there was again a furious attack on Warren's front, just to the left of where we lay.

About half past two we were ordered into position and moving to a slight elevation near the left of the 6th Corps, went into position and unlimbered, with the guns pointed to the woods southwest of us. About dark Ewell made an attack on Sedgwick's right and drove it back in much confusion. From where we were we could only judge by the heavy firing of the fury of the attack; and by the hurried movement of the troops, that our right had met with a repulse. By this time the field hospitals were filled with the wounded and the ambulances were kept at work to their greatest capacity.

When darkness had settled down on the field of awful carnage, we again lay down by the guns without taking off our side arms, and waited for the morning. On the morning of the 7th there was a little artillery firing along the line, but the heavy fighting of the Wilderness was over and the day was spent largely in caring for the thousands of wounded and in making preparations for the next movement. To add to the horrors of the situation, the woods had caught fire, and many of the dead were burned as well as some of those who were desperately wounded and lay between the lines.

About eight o'clock we were moved to a new position on the extreme right of the line, facing a piece of woods in the direction of the Rapidan, having as support the 7th Maine Regiment. About two o'clock General Sedgwick with his staff came to where we were and remained with the Battery some little time. When he found that there were no troops to the right of us, he ordered a brigade to be placed on our right, and sent the 6th New York Cavalry to advance to the front and remain until driven in. About an hour later we were relieved by Captain Harn's 3d New York Battery of brass guns. We then moved to the rear and went into park and had an opportunity to water and grain our horses.

Soon after dark we moved out to the plank road, when we halted about two hours for the troops to pass, when we fell in line, moving to the south in the direction of Spottsylvania. A move of this kind was something that we had not been accustomed to, as we had usually after a battle either merely held our position or moved in the direction of Washington and then waited two or three months for another movement. Evidently General Grant did not understand the tactics that had prevailed

in the East. As we moved out in the direction of Richmond, the cheering among the troops was loud and hearty and the boys were in the best of spirits. Owing to the crowded condition of the road our progress was slow and unsteady, and not until sunrise had we reached Chancellorsville. Then passing the Chancellor house which had been General Hooker's headquarters during the battle, we crossed the old battle field, which showed many marks of the fierce conflict which had raged there when Stonewall Jackson had rolled back in confusion the 11th Corps, and the 3d Corps had so desperately held its ground and arrested his further progress. We moved on until about ten o'clock, when we halted and went into park and had a chance to make coffee and groom, feed and water our horses, after a march of fourteen hours. This was the 8th day of May; a beautiful Sabbath morning, but nothing in our surroundings indicated a day of rest. It had been a foot race from the Wilderness, and by an unfortunate combination of circumstances the Johnnies came in just a little ahead, and seized the coveted position; but there was no disposition shown by Grant to take a backward step, and troops were being pushed to the front and placed in position; skirmishing was vigorously going on all along the front, and in the afternoon heavy infantry firing on the left and some artillery to the right of us.

About two o'clock we were moved down the road half a mile, and two hours later returned to our old position. The wounded had been brought along from the Wilderness to be forwarded to Fredericksburg, and the ambulances not being sufficient to accommodate the great number, hundreds of baggage wagons were crowded with the unfortunate sufferers.

An army baggage wagon is not a very comfortable thing for a well man to ride in, and as we saw these cumbersome, springless wagons jolting over the rough roads in the intense heat and stifling dust, filled with a dozen severely wounded, some with the stumps of their amputated limbs sticking out of the side or end of the wagons, it caused the stoutest heart to feel sad. Often a halt would be made and the dead from the wagons taken out and left by the roadside.

On the morning of the 9th we were called early and remained in about the same location during the day. The 6th Corps occupied the centre of the line with the 5th, the 2d Corps was

on the right and the 9th Corps on the left. During the day there was a constant movement of troops, and quite severe fighting at several points, especially on the left, where Burnside with the 9th Corps pushed the enemy back to near Spottsylvania Court House. During the day General Sedgwick, our corps commander, was killed by a sharpshooter, and his loss cast a gloom over the whole corps. Few officers had so endeared themselves to their command as had "Uncle John," as he was familiarly called.

On this day General Sheridan with the cavalry cut loose from the army, and passing by the right of Lee's army, made his celebrated raid in which he destroyed a large amount of the enemy's supplies, recaptured several hundred prisoners, and fought and defeated the enemy's cavalry under Stuart. In this battle, a few miles from Richmond, the able commander of the Confederate cavalry was killed, and the outer fortifications of the rebel capital were entered, causing the greatest consternation and alarm in that city. About this time a new feature was introduced in the army of issuing bulletins to each command at frequent intervals, giving us news of the movements and successes of both our own and other armies. The beneficial effect of this recognition of the rank and file was very marked, in the spirit of confidence and enthusiasm that it aroused. During the 10th we remained in about the same position. During the afternoon Upton's Brigade of the 1st Division of our corps made an assault upon the enemy's line, near the "Bloody Angle," and suffered quite severely in killed and wounded.

Buell of Battery "B," 4th Regulars, in "The Cannoneer," gives the following regarding Upton's charge:

"To the left was a pine grove, more open than any woods we had seen in these parts, and we observed that a heavy line of battle of the 6th Corps infantry was massed in this grove, lying down. There was a hollow in front of us, and in this were two batteries of the 6th Corps—McKnight's ("M," 5th Regulars), and Kimball's (4th Maine). In front of these was rising ground, just high enough to shut out the rebel works in our immediate front, but we could plainly see their heavy works on the hill beyond, which was the famous "Angle." In the course of half an hour these two 6th Corps batteries were thrown forward to the top of the rising ground in our front, where they

unlimbered and opened furiously. The sound of the enemy's reply showed that they were close up to his works, and his shot and even bullets which passed over them reached us. * * * Suddenly the batteries in front of us ceased firing, and then the infantry that was in the pine woods to our left broke cover and in magnificent style swept past our flank and out into the open ground, over the little rise, thence down upon the rebel intrenchments and out of sight from where we were. Their right flank passed very close to us and we saw the colors of the 5th Maine and 121st New York Regiments."

Buell was mistaken in regard to the 4th Maine Battery. It was McCartney's 1st Massachusetts. The 4th was not in action on the 10th.

On the morning of the 11th we were turned out as usual at three o'clock and remained in readiness to move until about nine o'clock, when we were ordered to the right a short distance and went into position, relieving another battery. In the afternoon the left section, under command of Lieutenant Haynes, was sent with a brigade of the 2d Corps and a battalion of cavalry on a reconnoissance extending several miles to the right. A few small detachments of the enemy's cavalry were met and a little shooting was indulged in, but without any very serious results on either side. We rejoined the Battery, which had been withdrawn from the line of battle, about dark, and after caring for our horses and feasting on hard bread and coffee, spread the paulins of the guns to protect ourselves from the rain and prepared for a night's rest.

About two o'clock A. M. on the 12th we were called and joined in the movement of our corps to the left. In the darkness and mud our progress was slow and we had made perhaps two or three miles when we went into park about daylight. At eight o'clock we were ordered to the front, and leaving the battery wagon, forge and spare horses, we moved rapidly to the front through a piece of woods and struck our lines where one of our batteries was hotly engaged.

We turned to the left, passing through the battery, which ceased firing for us to pass. Just after leaving the battery one of our caissons became stalled in crossing a small creek and the left section was compelled to stand for several minutes broadside to a most severe fire from the enemy's batteries at short

range from the opposite hill. The writer well remembers how uncomfortable it made him feel while standing there as he heard a shell explode a few feet in front of him and the pieces bang up against a big oak tree, and how quickly he dismounted and got under cover. After crossing the creek our way was across an open field for a third of a mile, exposed to a most furious artillery fire. If ever good time was made, we made it there, and fortunately only with the loss of two horses wounded. Lieutenant Kimball, who was in command, had a close call, his cap visor being grazed by a piece of shell. A short distance beyond the field, we were placed in position and a Sergeant sent back for spare horses. Upon his return across the field with the horses the enemy evidently took the party to be an officer and his staff and did some very good shooting. "Old Dean," who was of the party, said afterwards that if his horse had not known more than he did he would have been killed. The horse stopped just in time to escape a shell that exploded just in front of him and a few feet behind the Sergeant.

Early in the morning Hancock had made the famous assault at the "Bloody Angle," at the time quite commonly known as "Hell's half acre," capturing a portion of the enemy's works and the rebel General Johnston with his whole division.

The enemy made the most desperate efforts to recover the lost ground and never were greater deeds of valor shown or more desperate fighting done than on this day. The roar of musketry and artillery was terrific during the whole day. At one point the opposing forces occupied the opposite sides of the same earthworks and were within a few feet of each other, and when night came the dead were three and four deep. At one point the bullets flew so thick that an oak tree twenty-one inches through was cut off, and fell in the enemy's lines. The stump was afterwards cut off and sent to Washington, where it is preserved as a relic of the war.

The 6th Corps had been pushed forward to Hancock's support and our position was a short distance in rear of the front line, but where we could not be of any service with our guns. We could only watch and wait, and for us it was a most uncomfortable day, as we were in a position where the shells directed at the front line were constantly passing just over our heads or dropping in our midst, and in addition the stray bullets were

zipping along too frequently for one to feel at all comfortable. Some of the brigades that had been engaged in the morning fell back and reformed in the woods to the rear of us and again advanced with sadly thinned ranks. Many of the regiments were under the command of a Captain or Lieutenant, and with a less number of men than would constitute a full company.

It was near this time that General Grant sent the famous dispatch that he "proposed to fight it out on this line if it took all summer." On former campaigns there had been much growling about so much marching, but now we found that we were getting all the fighting that we wanted. Moderate firing was continued through the night, but at ten o'clock we were allowed to unharness and try to make ourselves comfortable for the night. It had been raining almost constantly for thirty-six hours and when darkness came, it seemed to have got a new hold and to have started in earnest. Our clothing and blankets were completely soaked through and the mud was not a very inviting bed. Completely tired and chilled through, we lay down in the driest places we could find, hoping to get a little sleep or at least rest. At midnight we were aroused with orders to litch up immediately, when we started towards the left, and with two or three hours of wading through the mud in the rain and darkness, we made about two miles and were again allowed to unharness and rest until six o'clock, when we again hitched up ready for a move. Moderate firing at the front continued during the day. About noon we moved back to the right two miles, where we remained until 10 o'clock, when we moved to the left with the corps and were on the road nearly all night, and at 10 o'clock on the 14th halted and went into park on the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House road. Towards night there was quite heavy fighting in front of us and we moved some two miles to the left, and went into park at eight o'clock on the plantation of John Anderson, half a mile from the Ny River.

This was the first time since leaving Brandy Station on the 4th that we had a whole night in camp. For the eleven days we had been almost constantly on the march, in line of battle, or standing ready to move at a moment's notice, and sleeping as we could get a chance an hour or two at a time.

Our horses had been in harness almost constantly, and from

the constant marching night and day over the bad roads, with only about half a ration of grain and no hay, many of them had given out. During this time we had not been out of the sound of firing for an hour. Owing to the heavy rains the roads had become almost impassable, and from the 14th to the 18th any general movement of the army was suspended, although the troops were constantly changing positions on the line and we made short moves each day. At this time whiskey rations were served to all who cared for them. On the 17th, owing to the broken-down condition of the horses, and there being more artillery than was needed, two guns from each battery were sent back to Belle Plains. This left us a four-gun battery and the men from the two detachments forming the left section were divided among the other four detachments. The first of a large number of reinforcements began to arrive to make good the loss caused by regiments whose term of service had expired, and the great losses in killed and wounded. These new troops were largely heavy artillery regiments from the defences of Washington, where they had been doing garrison duty, and as they marched to the front with full ranks, neat and tidy uniforms, and well-filled knapsacks, they had to take a great deal of chaffing from the dirty, ragged old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac who lined up along the sides of the road to see the new regiments pass. Many were the inquiries made of them as to their paper collars, having their boots blacked, and in regard to their knapsacks, which did not seem to be very well received, and more than one was ready to drop his knapsack and equipments and fight it out individually with their tormentors. Later these new troops proved themselves to be of as good metal as any in the army. Among the new arrivals was the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, and two days after joining the army they lost in less than an hour, in killed and wounded, 524 men, it being about a third of their number.

During the night of the 17th the 6th Corps with the 2d Corps were moved to the right and massed for an attack on the enemy's line in rear of the "Bloody Angle." The Battery marched at eight o'clock and was on the march most of the night. At 4.30 on the morning of the 18th the attack was gallantly led by the 2d Corps, followed by the 6th. The enemy's position, however, had been strongly strengthened at this point

and they had in position, and completely covering the ground, thirty pieces of artillery. In spite of the destructive fire of artillery and musketry, desperate efforts were made to carry the works, but without success. At noon we started toward the left again, and about four o'clock were back at the place we had left the night before. On the 19th we moved in the afternoon with a large number of other batteries across the Po River and at evening went into camp. That afternoon we received the first mail that had reached us since we left Brandy Station on the 4th. Over two weeks without hearing from home seemed a long time to us boys. On the afternoon of the 19th Ewell's Corps made a strong attack on our right and after a severe struggle was driven back with great loss.

On the 20th it was comparatively quiet along the lines and at night another "sidling" movement to the left was commenced by the 5th and 2d Corps (Warren and Hancock), the 6th and 9th Corps (Wright and Burnside) being left at Spottsylvania. During the night all the troops were busily engaged throwing up works, and forty men from our Battery were detailed to join in the work. Besides the bringing of logs and building of works as a protection, holes were dug, in which to place the guns and ammunition chests so as to be under protection. The Battery had as support the 2d New York Heavy Artillery and the 5th Maine Regiments. Everything looked like desperate work, but it proved to be only measures of precaution against an attack. About seven o'clock Hill's Corps of the enemy made a sharp attack, but under fire of four of our batteries, in which the 4th Maine took part, they soon fell back.

The weather after about ten days of constant rain had become fine and the roads were getting good, and on the night of the 21st the race for the North Anna commenced. We started at one o'clock, moving slowly until eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d, when a halt was made long enough to feed and water the horses. The march was then resumed at a rapid pace and continued with very few halts until ten o'clock at night.

On the morning of the 23d we were called at three o'clock and stood until nine o'clock in readiness to move, when we joined the column and moved rapidly until noon, when a halt was made to feed. Then the march was resumed and continued

until 9.30, when we went into camp near Jericho Mills on the North Anna.

On the 24th we were called at four o'clock and stood ready for a move until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when we crossed to the south side of the river. Warren's 5th Corps had crossed on the 23d and the 6th joined him, and both armies were now south of the river. On the morning of the 25th we were called again at four o'clock, and at eight o'clock moved forward a short distance, crossing the Virginia Central railroad as well as the field where Warren had been engaged with Hill's Corps on the evening of the 23d, and went into position south of the railroad. The troops were busily engaged in tearing up the tracks, building fires with the ties and after heating the rails, bending and twisting them, so as to make them useless. During the day Captain White returned to the Battery and assumed command, after an absence of eight months.

During the afternoon the artillery firing on the left of the line was quite heavy but we had no part in it. As soon as dark came on, all hands were set at work building breastworks. To provide material a neighboring tobacco house was torn down, and the boys had a good chance to stock up with tobacco. After working nearly all night on our breastworks, it was found that they were not as they should be, so they were torn down and rebuilt. This kept us busy until nearly noon and gave us a good appetite for our dinner of hardtack and salt pork. During the afternoon of the 26th we lay quietly in our works and improved the time in trying to make up a little lost sleep.

The enemy were in sight but were not disposed to interfere with us, and we made no attempt to start an argument.

When dark came, another of those moves by the left flank was commenced and, with orders for not a man to speak or make any noise, we quietly stole away, and were soon recrossing the North Anna at Jericho Mills and heading towards Richmond. In this movement the 6th Corps had the advance. During the afternoon we had had a heavy shower and the roads were a sea of mud. For several miles the mud was nearly knee-deep, a little thicker than soup, and the horses, weak from their hard service and lack of forage, were constantly stumbling and falling and required the assistance of the men to get them up. As we were moving along about ten o'clock, Tom

Nutting and another of the boys were observed sitting on the fence by the side of the road, laughing heartily. When asked as to the cause of their merriment, Tom pointed to a place in the road a few feet away and said, "There is a hole there about four feet deep, and every few minutes some one walks into it and goes all under, and it is great fun to see them crawl out of the mud." It seems that Tom narrowly escaped getting into the hole himself.

At one o'clock we made a halt until daylight, but the time was pretty well occupied in caring for our horses and drawing three days' rations, so that we did not get much rest. At daylight on the 27th we were again on the move and only halted to feed and water the horses, until late in the evening, having been on the march constantly for twenty-four hours. The weather was intensely hot and both men and horses were pretty well played out.

On the morning of the 28th we were ordered out again at six o'clock, and about noon crossed the Pamunky River at Hanover town and soon after went into line of battle, where we rested for the night. On the 29th we were called at four o'clock but made no move until afternoon, when we started with a portion of the corps on a reconnoissance towards Hanover Court House, but did not come in contact with the enemy. On the 30th the army moved to the Totopotomoy Creek and took up a position in line of battle with the 6th Corps on the right, near the Virginia Central railroad. During the day there was considerable skirmishing along the front and the troops were busily engaged destroying the railroad. Towards evening we withdrew from the line of battle and moved to the left, and at eight o'clock went into camp, where we remained over night and thoroughly enjoyed a whole night's sleep. Since we left Brandy Station four weeks before, there had been only three or four nights that we had not been on the march or engaged building earthworks.

On the 31st we had a day of comparative rest and remained in park all day listening to the heavy cannonading at the front. During the day Sheridan with the cavalry had pushed out on the left towards Richmond, and, after a hard fight, had obtained possession of Cold Harbor, nine miles from Richmond. When the news of this unexpected success was received by Meade, late

in the evening, the 6th Corps was immediately started on a forced march to his assistance. We were called at one o'clock and joined with the corps on an all-night march. We arrived at Cold Harbor about noon on June 1st, and halted a mile in the rear of Cold Harbor Tavern. While the infantry were passing by and taking up position to relieve the cavalry, which had been stubbornly holding the ground, we improved the chance to water and feed our horses.

It was nearly four o'clock when we were ordered to the front and, leaving the battery wagon, forge, spare horses, etc., in the rear, the Battery passed rapidly up the road to Old Cold Harbor Tavern, and turning to the left under a heavy artillery fire, went into position about one-fourth of a mile to the left of the tavern, on the same ground that had been occupied two years before at the battle of Gaines Mills by Bondurant's Alabama Battery of D. H. Hill's division. As we moved to the front a portion of the cavalry which had been relieved by our corps was passing to the rear. As an evidence of the severe conflict that had raged on the ground two years before and of Sheridan's stubborn fight the day before, Comrade Chapin has this record in his diary: "The ground around here is covered pretty thick with old rubbish, sabre sheaths, gun barrels, solid shot, pieces of saddles, blankets, overcoats, old knapsacks, and any quantity of dead horses." From our position the enemy were at rather short range and were partially concealed by bushes, while our position was by the side of the road in an open field. Their fire was not extremely heavy, but still it was hot enough to make it interesting for us, and we were kept actively engaged until nearly dark. Towards night the enemy had gained a position and placed a battery on our left, which put us under a severe cross fire, and we were obliged to throw back our left pieces and change front so as to meet their fire. Fortunately our only loss of men in this engagement was that of William Berry, who was severely wounded in the hip by a ball from a case shot. Comrade Chapin states in his diary that the right piece fired ninety-eight shot and used two-second fuse. Doubtless this was a fair average of the other pieces, and shows pretty hot work and at a distance from the enemy's batteries of less than 800 yards. We had in this engagement two recruits who had not been in any severe engagement before. One of them was missed after

we were in position, and all inquiries as to his whereabouts were fruitless until dark, when he came to his detachment. His Sergeant in rather a severe tone asked him where he had been all day, and his reply was: "I'll tell you the truth, Sergeant. I started up with the Battery and was all right until I came to that little drummer boy lying near the tavern, who had been torn to pieces by a shell; and so help me God, I ~~could not get any~~ further, but have been lying in that ditch over there all day. My knees would not hold me up when I tried to walk." Perhaps he was equally brave but did not have the nerve of the other recruit spoken of. After being in action some time the gun began to get pretty hot, and the Sergeant said, "Sullivan, go and get a bucket of water to sponge the gun with." Sullivan started and half an hour later returning, came to the Sergeant and said: "If you send me for water again you had better send a man with me to bring the bucket back. I was standing in line waiting my turn to get water when a shell came ~~along~~ and took the man's head off that was in front of me, and I was afraid that you would lose your bucket." Neither of the poor fellows ever saw home again, both dying in the hospital a few weeks later from fever and diarrhea. When darkness came firing on both sides ceased and picks and shovels were called into use to throw up earthworks for our protection the next day. This kept us busy most of the night, and it was not until near morning that we were permitted to lie down by our guns for a little rest. In the morning we were up early, and after caring for our horses and having our coffee and hardtack, put a few finishing touches to our earthworks and then quietly waited for the renewal of the engagement. The day was spent in moving the corps into position for an assault on the enemy's lines, but late in the day the attack was postponed until the morning of the 3d, and at five o'clock we were gratified by the appearance of another battery to relieve us, when we quickly limbered up and moved out in the rear of a pine grove a few hundred feet back of Cold Harbor Tavern, where we remained until the 12th. At this place we were protected from any firing from directly at the front, but at some distance to the right the enemy had a battery that constantly annoyed us by a cross fire. On the 3d a shell passed through the Battery and killed two horses just in rear of us and then struck an ambulance. In the afternoon

a shell struck a caisson of a New York battery lying to the right of us, and the caisson exploded, killing two men and wounding four others. Two or three days later a shell passed through the Battery, taking off a horse's leg, and then rolled along the ground and against Marion Mills, who was lying in his tent. He did not like his bedfellow and promptly moved. On the night of the 7th we were shelled pretty hotly and all hands turned out to watch and dodge the shells, which we could see by the burning fuse. During the ten days we remained here we were called at an early hour each morning, so as to be ready for an attack or any movement, and stood constantly harnessed up. On the morning of the 3d, at 4.30, the 2d, 6th and 18th Corps (Smith's) made a most desperate and bloody attack on the enemy's lines, but without success and with a very heavy loss in killed and wounded. Smith's 18th Corps from the Army of the James had joined the Army of the Potomac on the 1st, and during this assault was on the right of the 6th Corps and the 2d Corps (Hancock's) on the left. During the evening the firing all along the lines, both of artillery and musketry, was very heavy, gradually dying out about midnight. Both armies were strongly entrenched and it was not safe at any time for a man to show his head above the works. A little event, perhaps worthy of note, which occurred while lying here, was A. B. Wright's experience with a shell, which fortunately did not terminate seriously. Alden was cooking for his detachment, and as we had not had an opportunity to have any baked beans since leaving Brandy Station, Alden decided to give the boys a treat. Getting his beans ready, he built a good fire, but wood being scarce, thought that he would supplement it by heating old shells to place in the bean hole, around the kettle. Gathering up several that were lying around, he took them to the creek and soaked them to wet any powder that might be in them, and then placed them in the fire to heat under the kettle of beans he was parboiling.

While he was standing by the fire, watching the beans, one of the shells exploded, sending the kettle skywards and filling Alden's eyes and mouth with ashes. Probably a more astonished and frightened man never was seen, and it was some time before he calmed down sufficiently to be able to speak. A piece of the shell came down in the battery lying across the road from

us, and one of the boys attempted to pick it up, which caused him to use some very strong language against the Johnnies for firing hot shot. A few years ago Alden went to Texas to live, and some one was mean enough to write and ask him if he was down there looking for his bean kettle.

As early as the 6th of June General Grant had decided to make another of those "left flank" movements to which we were getting so accustomed, and this time to place the army south of the James River. Active preparations were carried forward for the movement and we were considerably mystified at the arrival of a large number of pontoon trains. The army had now been constantly marching and fighting for five weeks, without an hour's let-up, and each move had brought us nearer Richmond, the goal to which we had all been looking for three years.

During the thirty-eight days from May 4th when we crossed the Rapidan, until June 12th when we left Cold Harbor, the Army of the Potomac had lost in killed 7600, in wounded 38,342, and in missing and prisoners 8967, making a total loss of 54,928. Meade's army, with Burnside's Corps, numbered 118,000 when it crossed the Rapidan, to which had been added reinforcements at Spottsylvania, of heavy artillery and other regiments, perhaps 20,000, making a total of 140,000, which shows a loss of considerably more than one-third. The enemy's losses had doubtless been fully as heavy as ours in proportion to their numbers. Notwithstanding the appalling losses, the spirit of the army was never so good. We felt that each move made, something was gained, no backward steps were being taken, and a spirit of confidence prevailed that had not been known before.

CHAPTER VII.

COLD HARBOR TO PETERSBURG—FORT MCGILVER—REAM'S STATION—TO BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON—PETERSBURG MINE.

Towards night on the 12th the Battery was ordered to the front and placed in position not far from the one occupied by us on the 1st. Work was at once commenced in building breast-works and kept up until midnight, when we joined our corps in the march to the James, and made no halt except to water and feed the horses until six o'clock in the evening.

After caring for our horses and getting our supper, it did not require much coaxing to get us to go to sleep. At two o'clock in the morning (14th) we were again on the move, and soon after starting crossed the Chickahominy on a pontoon at Jones' Bridge, continuing our march through a beautiful country towards the James, and at night arrived near Charles City Court House and went into camp in a clover field. On the morning of the 15th we moved at two o'clock, but the roads were so crowded with troops that we did not reach the river, a distance of three miles, until about six o'clock. Here quite a halt was made, which was improved by many of the boys taking a morning bath in the James River. (The improvement was in the boys, not the river.) The James at this point is about half a mile wide, and pontoon bridges (130 boats) had been placed, which were guarded by gunboats. Towards noon we crossed and took the road in the direction of City Point. On the 16th we moved at dark and after a twenty-four hours' march arrived in front of Petersburg on the evening of the 17th and went into position inside of works that had been captured from the enemy and near the Hare house. (Fort Steadman was afterwards near this place.) The night was spent in throwing up earthworks and on the 18th the Battery was engaged in shelling the enemy's lines and works. A house inside their lines, occupied by sharp-

shooters, was set fire and burned, and shells were thrown in the direction of the city. A Petersburg paper stated that the first shell thrown into the city was on this date and at the hour the Battery was engaged, so it is only fair to consider that we were the guilty party.

On the 19th the Battery remained in position, but the firing was very light until towards evening, when quite a lively brush was engaged in. A letter written at this date by one of the comrades, states that there had not been a day since leaving Brandy Station but that the battery had been harnessed up, and only one night that a full night's rest had been enjoyed, and during this time we had seldom been out of the sound of firing. In the evening the Battery was withdrawn from the front line and went into park, but not out of range of the enemy's guns, as we found out the next morning, when for a while we found ourselves under a sharp artillery fire.

After dark on the 20th the Battery was again placed further to the front and right, where Fort McGilvery (named for Captain McGilvery of the 6th Maine Battery) was afterwards located.

Again it was to work all night on earthworks. We were now getting quite proficient in this kind of work and by morning had quite respectable works thrown up, which proved to be of the greatest value during the day. The enemy occupied a very strong and well fortified position and the two lines were very close together. The infantry had been busy during the night in digging trenches and throwing the dirt on the side towards the enemy, so they were quite well protected. Business commenced very briskly early in the morning, by our Battery opening on a train of cars on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and at times during the day it was pretty hot. The enemy had three batteries bearing on us, one of them on the right having a cross fire, which made it very uncomfortable. The sharpshooters of the enemy were strictly attending to business all day and it was not safe for a man to show his head above the works. In the afternoon a shell from the battery on the right passed between Captain White and Lieutenant Kimball, who were sitting close together, and passing through a traverse, exploded as it struck Corporal Jere Keene and horribly mangling him. He was taken to the rear and died in a

few minutes, his last words being of his wife, whom he had married only a few weeks before while home on a veteran furlough. Jere was a general favorite in the Battery and his terrible death was deeply felt by all the boys. During the day two horses were killed and we considered that we were lucky in escaping without any heavier loss.

After dark we were relieved by a battery of the 9th Corps and immediately started with our corps on a movement to the left. After an all-night march we halted at six o'clock on the morning of the 22d for breakfast, and then resumed our march and were placed in position on the extreme left of the line towards the Weldon railroad. In conjunction with this move to the left, Wilson's cavalry started to the left on the morning of the 22d towards the Southside and Danville railroads, to destroy them if possible, and during the day we could hear them heavily engaged. When night came work was commenced building breastworks, and continued until morning, when we were allowed to rest and wait for an expected attack. During the day the enemy had come in in a gap that had been left between the 6th Corps and the 2d Corps, which was on our right, and at four o'clock we limbered up and joined in a movement to the right, where we were joined by part of the 5th Corps.

It now becoming apparent that it would be impossible to carry the strong works of the enemy by assault, the army settled down to the siege that was to continue for more than nine months before we could obtain possession of Petersburg, whose church spires were in sight of us. Work entrenching was actively pushed, forts built, earthworks thrown up, covered ways of zig-zag roads built in which to reach the front lines, and bomb-proofs built in the forts and batteries. The main lines were now at some points only a few hundred feet from each other, with entrenched picket lines not many yards apart, and every means was taken as a protection against the constant and often very heavy fire of both artillery and musketry. For a few days we were now allowed comparative rest, but nearly every day made a short move either to the right or left along the line. The weather was intensely hot and we suffered much from the dust, and the poor quality of water was the cause of much sickness.

Wilson's cavalry, which had started on the 22d, having accom-

plished its object began its return, and on the morning of the 29th met a large body of the enemy at Ream's Station, and in the battle that ensued was defeated and the position became precarious. The afternoon of the 29th, the 6th Corps was sent on a forced march to his assistance. We broke camp at four o'clock and marched rapidly until about midnight, when we halted near Ream's Station on the Weldon railroad.

Wilson had succeeded in falling back and by taking a circuitous route reached the army a few days later, and on the morning of the 30th the enemy withdrew on the approach of the 6th Corps. The day was spent in tearing up and destroying the railroad for several miles, thereby seriously interrupting the enemy's means of transportation.

About five o'clock, just as we received orders to fall in on the return march, it was discovered that Jesse Stetson, who was lying in the shade of one of the guns, was dead from exhaustion. The Battery was just starting, but a shallow grave was hastily dug and our comrade rolled in his blanket, quickly covered, and we left him in less than twenty minutes from the time the breath had left his body. Such things may seem heartless and cruel, but such is war. In those days there was little time or place for sentiment.

Our return march was without incident and at midnight we were back on our old line in front of Petersburg, our position being on the left of the line, where we lay in park until the 7th, when we moved to the right a short distance and went into position in one of the forts, but later in the day were relieved by the 5th Maine Battery, Captain Stevens.

About the middle of June General Lee had sent General Early with his corps to the Shenandoah Valley to strike Hunter's force and, if possible, destroy it, and then to move down the valley, cross the Potomac and threaten Washington. The first part of the programme had been successfully carried out and Hunter completely routed. Early had moved down the valley and on July 5th and 6th crossed into Maryland at Shepherds-town, and on the 7th was moving in the direction of Frederick. Rickett's Division of the 6th Corps was hurried forward to meet the danger that now threatened Washington, and arriving at Baltimore was pushed forward to assist General Lew Wallace, who was at the Monocacy about four miles from Frederick.

at the same time inviting them to come with him and he would give them all they wanted of better tobacco. It is needless to say that his generous invitation was promptly accepted, and some of the boys were not at all bashful in loading up. About 11 o'clock the rest of the boys and the other horses arrived and we were then moved to the railroad. We loaded our horses and guns on the cars, and at four o'clock started for Washington, where we arrived soon after dark and at once proceeded to Camp Barry on Capitol Hill, where comfortable barracks had been erected near our old camp grounds of two years before.

Our corps had in the meantime followed up Early and was in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, and on the morning of the 17th it became generally understood that we were to remain in Washington for a while to rest and recruit, after more than two years of constant active service. We at once commenced to clean up and put our quarters in shape. After a hard day's work in scrubbing up the barracks and getting our bunks ready for use, we were very much surprised, about four o'clock, to receive orders to pack up at once and take transports back to City Point.

It was very generally understood that Captain White had been given his choice of remaining in Washington for a time, or to go back to the front; and after the first disappointment was over, we were very well satisfied with his decision of returning to the army. In fact, we felt rather proud that we had a Captain who preferred being at the front. Hastily packing up, we were soon on our way to the wharf, where we were loaded on transports, the Battery being again divided, guns and cannoneers going on one boat and the horses with the drivers on the old ferry boat "Manhattan," and a little before midnight we left the wharf on our way down the Potomac. While passing through Washington, Corporal James Allen met an old friend who was in the military telegraph service, and a few days later an order was received from army headquarters detailing Corporal Allen for telegraph service, where he remained until the close of the war. Our passage was a rough one, and after a trip of thirty-six hours the guns and cannoneers arrived at City Point on the 19th. The weather was so rough that the ferry boat had to turn back after passing Point Lookout and wait for calmer weather, and did not arrive at Fort Monroe until dark on the 19th.

In the meantime those who had arrived at City Point had become anxious as to the safety of the rest of the Battery. No information could be obtained in regard to them, but about three o'clock on the 20th we were very glad to see the old ferry boat approaching and the boys received a very warm welcome. Perhaps there we first realized something of the warm friendships that were growing between us as comrades and which was intensified with the months and years. After unloading the horses, we moved back about a mile from the river and went into camp and remained until the 26th. While here Sergeant Owen was obliged to go to the hospital, where he died a few weeks later. On the 26th we moved to the front of Petersburg and relieved a battery of the 2d Corps not far from Fort Steadman.

At this time the firing of artillery and musketry was constant, both day and night, and at times quite heavy. Mortars, from the size of the small cohorn to the large siege, had been placed in the forts and batteries, and during the evenings we often sat up late watching the mortar shells as they rose high in the air and descended within the lines on either side. Their course could be traced by the burning fuse, and at times when the firing was brisk the air was filled with streaks of light in all directions, resembling a gigantic display of fireworks. On our side an immense mortar had been placed on a car and often it would be run up near the line not far from Fort Steadman, and for an hour or two the sound of the "Petersburg Express," as it was named by the boys, could be heard for miles along the line, throwing its immense projectiles within the enemy's lines. Ordinary earthworks were no protection against these mortar shells, as they descended on nearly a perpendicular line, and when they exploded the pieces flew in all directions, rendering it nearly as unsafe behind earthworks as in an open field. As a protection from these mortar shells, "bomb-proofs" were built in all the forts by first digging a place about eight by fifteen feet large and two feet deep, and over this space a house or hut was built of large pine logs, which were roofed over with heavy timber and covered with about two feet of earth. In these the men slept, and when mortar firing was going on those not engaged would seek shelter in them, and when a mortar shell was seen to be coming too close, these bomb-proofs were a safe dodging place.

On the 25th of June a mine had been commenced by Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Regiment, opposite Elliott's salient of the enemy's lines. At this point the lines were only 130 yards apart, and Colonel Pleasants with his regiment started a tunnel just back of our line. Although hampered greatly in the work for want of suitable tools and material, in four weeks the tunnel was completed, and two large galleries excavated under the enemy's fort, ready for the placing of the powder. The length of the main tunnel was 510 feet and of each gallery thirty-eight feet. In these galleries were placed 8000 pounds of powder, connected by fuse with the mouth of the tunnel, and on July 29th everything was in readiness for the explosion, the time for which had been set at four o'clock on the morning of the 30th. As a diversion, Hancock with the 2d Corps and two divisions of cavalry had been sent to the north of the James river to threaten Richmond, and then he was hastily recalled in time to reach his position in rear of the mine. Burnside's 9th Corps was to make the assault, and Ferrero's division of colored troops had been selected to lead and the officers thoroughly posted in the movement. At the last moment a change was made and Ledlie's division was given the advance, to be followed by Potter's and Wilcox's divisions, with the colored division as reserve. During the afternoon and evening of the 29th troops were being moved and placed in position, and by the great activity and movement we all knew that some important event was at hand, and the rumor was current that a mine was to be exploded, but no one could tell the location. On the afternoon of the 29th our Battery changed position and the guns were placed in Fort Morton, nearly opposite the mine, and the horses and caissons with the drivers were left about three-fourths of a mile in rear of the line. It was an anxious night for us all and we feared, or rather dreaded, the desperate conflict into which we expected the morning would bring us. Troops were moving in large bodies nearly the whole night and it was not until the early hours of morning that all were in position. At daylight on the 30th every one was awake and anxiously waiting and watching for the expected explosion. Owing to some defect in the fuse, it was not until nearly five o'clock that the explosion took place. One writer says of it: "It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went

up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge."

Another writer says: "While waiting quietly and anxiously for the explosion, men had been allowed to lie down in line. I was lying on the ground resting my head on my hand and thinking of the probable result when the denouement came. I shall never forget the terrible and magnificent sight. The earth around us trembled and heaved, so violently that I was lifted to my feet. Then the earth along the enemy's lines opened, and fire and smoke shot upward seventy-five or a hundred feet. The air was filled with earth, cannon, cussions, sand bags and living men, and with everything else within the exploded fort. One huge lump of clay as large as a haystack or small cottage was thrown out and left on top of the ground towards our own works."

The destruction of the fort was complete and fulfilled all expectations, making a crater 150 to 200 feet long, 60 feet wide and nearly 30 feet deep. There were about 400 men in the fort, nearly all of whom were killed; a few escaped injury, and others were found buried in various ways, some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth.

If the explosion was grand and terrible, that which immediately followed was equally so. Instantly 110 cannon and 50 mortars in the immediate neighborhood opened upon the crater and the adjacent lines, and the sight was grand in the extreme. The air was filled with the exploding shells and the roar was so deafening that volleys of musketry could not be heard. Owing to some confusion it was several minutes before Ledlie's Division, that was to lead the assault, scaled the works and advanced to the crater. As the brigades arrived, they all halted in the crater and became inextricably mixed. The division commander had found a safe retreat in the bomb-proof within our lines which he could not be induced to leave, and lacking a leader and suitable orders, the confusion increased, although some of the brigade commanders attempted to extricate those in their command and to continue the movement upon the enemy's lines.

In the meantime the enemy had promptly placed batteries and troops in position on each side of the crater and on Cemetery Hill, and opened a heavy fire on those crowded in the crater. At 7.30 the colored division was ordered to charge on the line to the right of the crater. The charge was a desperate one, and most gallantly made, and the losses frightful, some of the regiments losing all but two or three of their officers. Under the intense fire of artillery and musketry it was impossible to advance beyond the front lines of the enemy's works.

It soon became apparent that the movement, which had had such a successful beginning, had become a most inglorious failure on account of the lack of soldierly qualities of the officers, and at 9.30 General Meade issued orders for the troops to withdraw. This seemed certain death, as the enemy completely covered the ground with a terrific fire. Our batteries and the infantry were ordered to open a heavy fire, and under cover of the smoke many succeeded in reaching our own lines.

About two o'clock the enemy charged and recaptured their lines, with many prisoners who were in the crater.

During the assault the 9th Corps lost 473 killed, 1646 wounded and 1347 taken prisoners. (Total loss at the mine, 504 killed, 1281 wounded and 1413 captured.) It was a heavy penalty for the inefficiency of two or three general officers. As our Battery occupied a position nearly opposite the crater, all of those movements came strictly under our observation. Our own part in this consisted in being hotly engaged in the artillery firing, which continued all day, and being under a heavy artillery and musketry fire. Our ammunition chests were nearly emptied and when night came had to be replenished. The only loss we sustained was Sergeant Fox severely wounded in the shoulder and J. R. Towle in the arm, both by the same bullet. To show that even in the heat of the intensest battle the comical does not escape notice, and that it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous I will quote Comrade Chapin, who recorded in his diary: "A sutler ran, when the fort blew up, and left all his goods. The boys took good care of his goods."

Towards night the action quieted down, and by dark there was only the usual amount of firing along the line. The 31st was spent in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. There was but little firing, and the boys wearing the blue met

those of the gray on the picket lines and talked over the battle of the day before. After dark the horses were brought up and our guns were taken to the rear where the rest of the Battery were lying.

On August 1st we moved camp a short distance near a piece of woods, where we remained until the 21st, having rather a quiet time, just in rear of the danger line. While here Charles Kimball died and was buried by the Battery. At this time Sergeant Ames with the sixth piece was stationed for about ten days in the cut where the Norfolk railroad crossed the lines at the right of Fort Mickle.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN FRONT LINES—FORT HASKELL—FORT STEADMAN—WINTER OF 1864-5—PETERSBURG EVACUATED—MARCH TO WASHINGTON—RETURN TO AUGUSTA—MUSTERED OUT.

August 21st our guns were again placed in the front and from this time until December 18 were constantly in the works at the front, occupying at different times Forts Steadman, Haskell, Mickle and Rice, and all of the batteries from No. 10 to 18. During the last of August and part of September, while stationed in Fort Mickle, there was by mutual consent very little picket firing in our front. In the morning the pickets would be relieved and each side would stick their bayonets in the ground and the day be quietly spent. The picket lines being only a few hundred feet apart, a good deal of conversation was carried on between the opposing lines, and daily exchange of newspapers, with a good deal of trading in tobacco, coffee, etc. At one point there was a clump of bushes along the creek between the lines, and often a few from each side would meet here and indulge in a game of poker, the stakes being coffee and cake on the Northern side and tobacco on the Southern side. This friendliness between the pickets continued until one night the Johnnies made a raid and scooped all of our picket lines for some distance, with which there came quite a change in the order of things. The pickets dug holes large enough to protect themselves when lying down, and a constant and vigorous fire was kept up night and day.

About sunset some one would call out, "Stop firing, we want to change pickets," and for an hour all firing on both sides would cease, during which time each side would relieve their pickets. As it began to grow dark some one would call out, "Get into your holes, Yanks, or Johnnies, we are going to shoot," when every one would hustle to get under cover, and after a few scat-

tering shots the fun would commence in earnest and for an hour or more there would be a heavy fire all along the line, quieting somewhat about nine o'clock, but steady firing was continued until the next night when it came time to change pickets again. Sharpshooters were also stationed at different points, and it was not safe to show a head above the works at any point. While at Fort Mickle considerable artillery firing was indulged in, and several times, in honor of Union victories of the other armies, shotted salutes with the guns pointed at the enemy's lines would be fired either at midnight or sunrise. This was rather a rude way to awaken any one, and sometimes we would get all through firing before the enemy were fully aroused, and as we were within calling distance, occasionally there would ensue considerable badinage and some very uncomplimentary remarks. While at Fort Mickle, on September 18th, Charles Crymble was wounded in the leg by a bullet. At this time the caissons with the horses and drivers were some distance to the rear, but not out of range of the enemy's guns, and it was a very common thing for a shell to roll along through camp or pass just over our heads, and it did not have a very soothing effect upon one, as he lay down at night, to think that a shell was liable to come along at any moment and smash him. At this time the military railroad on the left was being pushed at the rate of a mile a day and passed just in front of our camp. A little to the right of us it passed over quite an elevation, and for a few days the enemy would open heavily on every train that passed. Probably we enjoyed watching the shelling much more than the trainmen did. In a few days the roadbed was lowered and this amusement for us ceased. Some days the Battery fired from 75 to 100 rounds of shell and it was necessary to take ammunition to the front line quite often. This was not a pleasant or inviting thing to do, as it had to be done in the evening and at that time the bullets were usually flying around rather carelessly. The approach to the front was by covered ways, or zigzag roads, made by digging in the ground two or three feet, and throwing the earth on the side towards the enemy, a turn being made about every 200 yards. These were very safe except at the turns, and we used to dodge by them pretty lively.

As a fair sample of our days at the front, another quotation

might be made from Comrade Chapin's diary. Chapin carried the guidon or Battery flag. "September 21st. We fired a salute this morning at sunrise in honor of Sheridan's victory, very quiet the rest of the day. Had my flagstaff shot most off by a Minie ball." It will be noted that Chapin calls this a quiet day. While at Fort Mickle Corporals Bates and Nutting got the range of the fort opposite down so exact that the enemy's guns in front of us were useless. If they attempted to fire, a shot would immediately be dropped into the embrasure, which would instantly quiet them. No battery in the service had better or more accurate gunners than the 4th Maine.

On September 20th, First Sergeant Freeman received his commission as Lieutenant, and Sergeant W. H. Brooks was promoted to First Sergeant, a promotion that received the hearty approval of all the boys. A little later Lieutenant H. C. Haynes received a leave of absence on account of sickness, and a few weeks later died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. November 6th, Lieutenant Kimball went home on furlough and in December returned to the Battery and resigned on account of ill health, when he left us for home, after three years of constant service. About this time Sergeant Fox returned to the Battery from the hospital and received a commission as Lieutenant.

On September 24th the Battery was moved along the line to the right and for one day was at Battery 16, at the left of Fort Haskell. The next day it was moved again, this time one section being placed in Fort Steadman and the other in Fort Haskell. Next to Fort Sedgwick (better known as Fort Hell), probably Fort Steadman was the hottest place along the lines. At this point the main lines were only 150 yards apart, with the picket lines between only fifty yards apart. Picket firing and sharpshooting was kept up constantly, and there was much artillery firing, and the day usually closed with a little mortar practice, which sometimes developed into a regular artillery duel. On the evening of September 28th, while one of these affairs was in progress, Quinlon Cornell was struck by a piece of mortar shell and lost his leg above the knee. Although we were on the front line and in constant danger, it got to be rather monotonous and lonesome. Those at the front except when occasionally called into action had nothing to do, and the time

was spent lying in the bomb-proofs, or watching through the peep holes at the picket firing, and occasionally borrowing an infantryman's rifle and trying a shot. No one was allowed to leave his gun and all had to be ready for instant action. At the rear the drivers had only their horses to take care of, and had a little more liberty of moving around, but had to be within call at all times.

October 26th, we received seven days' rations, and in the evening the caissons and other teams were moved back to City Point, leaving the guns at the front. On this day a movement was commenced in force to the left in the direction of the South Side railroad, by the 2d and 5th Corps, and at the same time a demonstration was made on the north side of the James by General Butler. On the afternoon of the 26th a large number of troops were moved to positions within sight of the enemy, tents were pitched, and at dark they were started on a forced march to the left, leaving a detail of men to keep the camp fires burning. All the available troops were taken for this movement, and the forces left in the front lines were not much more than a heavy picket line. This ruse did not succeed in deceiving the enemy, and when the 2d and 5th Corps arrived at Hatcher's Run, they found their further advance blocked by the enemy in large force. On the afternoon of the 27th the enemy tried a little bluff game in front of where our Battery was in position. A regiment was started on the double quick, passing a point in sight of us, and then returning by the rear out of sight and passing around in a circle. This gave the appearance of a large force massing for an assault, and as our lines were very weak, caused for a time much uneasiness. The movement to the left did not meet with all of the success hoped for, but still important advantage was gained at that point as well as on the north of the James. This closed all of the important movements for the season in front of Petersburg, although minor movements were frequently made, and the troops soon began to prepare for their winter quarters and settled down for a winter's siege.

During October we received fifty recruits, which gave us a full complement of men, for the first time since leaving Cedar Creek, more than two years before. The two guns which had been turned in during the summer, for want of men to handle them, were now returned to us, and it gave us much satisfaction

to feel that we were once more a fully equipped battery. November 3d quite a number of promotions were made of Corporals and Sergeants. November 8th was Presidential election and we had the privilege of voting in the field. Very little electioneering was done, every man voting without any influence being brought to bear. One of our Sergeants attempted to do a little work for the McClellan side, and taking Charles Frost aside, tried to convince him that it was his duty to vote the McClellan ticket. Frost told him that he was not of legal age, but the Sergeant assured him that it would be all right, and he would see him through if any trouble occurred. Thereupon Frost went to the polls and cast his ballot, and immediately came back to tell all the boys that he had voted a Lincoln ticket, and that the Sergeant had agreed to see him through. The ballot in the Battery stood, Lincoln 59. McClellan 34. During November there was considerable drilling for the benefit of the new recruits who had joined us.

November 24th was Thanksgiving day and was observed all through the army, and we thoroughly enjoyed our turkey which was furnished us by the Christian Commission, and which was supplemented by such other things as we could provide. As winter came on we found our shelter tents very uncomfortable during the cold nights, and early in December began to build log huts for winter quarters. Logs were drawn for us and bricks for chimneys procured from destroyed buildings, and for a time all hands were fully occupied. December 18th, the last of our quarters was just being finished when we received orders to move in the morning to the left and join our old corps (the 6th), which had just returned from the valley under Sheridan, and was stationed along the line in the vicinity of the Globe Tavern. The 19th proved to be a most uncomfortable day on which to leave good quarters and start on a move of several miles. In the morning a cold rain was falling, turning to soft snow towards night. About night we reached our new quarters, and most uninviting they proved to be, and it was with considerable grumbling that we ate our supper and lay down in the mud for a night's rest. On the next day (the 20th) our original three years' service had expired, and twenty of those who had not re-enlisted were mustered out and started for home. We much regretted to part with the comrades who had been

with us so long, and particularly with First Sergeant Brooks and Quartermaster Sergeant Williams. Sergeant Ames was now promoted to First Sergeant and Will Jordan to Quartermaster Sergeant, and several other promotions were made. About this time Sergeant Woods received his commission as Second Lieutenant and Lieutenant Freeman was promoted to First Lieutenant. Our Battery was now divided. The right section with the caissons and all the horses and drivers were stationed in Battery No. 24, which was headquarters, and under command of Captain White. The left section under Lieutenant Freeman was in Battery 26, near the Globe Tavern, and the centre section under Lieutenant Woods in Battery 25. Lieutenant Fox at this time was detached with the Quartermaster's Department. Battery 24 was at the extreme right of the 6th Corps, the 9th Corps being at our right and the 31st Maine in camp very near us. At this point the lines were about a mile apart, and owing to the formation of the ground were not in sight of each other. At Battery 26 the lines were only some 500 yards apart, and when we moved in, there were some unburied dead of the rebels lying in front of the works. For the first time since the 4th of May we felt that we were comparatively safe, and during our stay here, of more than three months, our only loss was one man, Freeman Foss, who was wounded in the leg by a bullet.

Work was at once commenced to put our new quarters in shape. Much of the material was brought from our old quarters and the huts rebuilt, with a small fireplace in each one. The huts were of logs, about five feet high, and were occupied by four men. The grounds were levelled off, stumps dug out, sidewalks laid in front of the quarters and a stockade built to protect the horses and an attempt made to roof it over. This all took much time and it was a month before we were fully settled. The winter was spent with little to break the monotony of camp life, but was probably the most comfortable and pleasant of any winter in the service. In good weather some drilling was done with the horses, and at the guns, more particularly for the benefit of the recruits that continued to come to us to fill the places of those who were returning home on account of expiration of term of service.

On November 28, 1864, ten men were detailed for service with

Battery H, 1st Ohio, and remained with that battery until about the 15th of February. Early in March, H. H. Powers, Tamerline Billings, Edward Friend, Edwin R. Gustin, Robert Gustin, Charles E. Hunt, Edwin R. Kneeland, Levi P. Mason, Newcombe E. Small and Dorrington Wyman were detailed for service with Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, and while with that battery took part in the final assault on Petersburg and in the battle of Sailors' Creek on April 6th and at Appomattox on the 9th and claim that they did more hard marching between Petersburg and Appomattox than in any prior campaign while in the service. These men did not arrive home until after the battery was mustered out. They were mustered out June 21st at Augusta.

As usual Frank Bartlett's laugh was often heard through the camp, and we all knew that a good story was being told, or a joke being played on some of the boys. When other resources failed, Frank and a few of the boys always had the Captain's darkey, Dick Johnson, to fall back upon with their tricks, which he always took with remarkable good nature. Occasionally we would be turned out by heavy firing at the right or left of us and have to stand by our guns for a while.

Early on the morning of March 25th, we were aroused by "Boots and saddles" being sounded, and turned out to find a terrific bombardment going on the whole length of the line. About four o'clock the Confederate General Gordon had made an assault at Fort Steadman, surprising and capturing the fort and batteries on each side of it, and advancing nearly to the railroad at Meade's Station. This instantly aroused the whole line, which opened fire. The 9th Corps very promptly rallied, and as soon as reserves could be brought up, a charge was made which resulted in the recapture of our lines. Nearly 2000 prisoners were taken, and about 1000 of the enemy were dead and wounded. When this had been accomplished, an assault was ordered to be made by the 6th Corps at the left of the Globe Tavern, which resulted in the capture and holding of the enemy's picket lines. Late in the day the heavy firing died out and things resumed their usual course, except that from this time out we were called to turn out each morning at three o'clock and be at our guns.

On the 28th Sheridan, who had arrived at Petersburg from the Shenandoah Valley with the cavalry, started on a move to

the left in the direction of Five Forks, with a view of turning the enemy's left and gaining possession of the South Side and Danville railroad, and the 2d and 5th Corps moved to the left to support him, leaving the 9th and 6th Corps holding the works in front of Petersburg. On the 31st Sheridan was heavily engaged near Dinwiddie Court House, and Warren was strongly attacked, but when night came the enemy had retired in the direction of the Five Forks. On the 1st of April Warren's Corps was placed under Sheridan's command, and towards night an assault was made upon the enemy's works, Sheridan going over the works with the men. In this engagement the prisoners captured, of Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, were over 5000, and Sheridan's total loss about 1000.

The enemy, who had broken and fled in all directions, were pursued by Sheridan until darkness closed the grand day's work. Upon receipt of the news of Sheridan's success, General Grant ordered the 9th and 6th Corps to attack the works in front of Petersburg at daylight on the 2d. Since Sheridan's movement had commenced, a vigorous and continuous artillery fire had been kept up the whole length of the line. At daylight the 9th and 6th Corps moved promptly, and succeeded in capturing the enemy's outer works in front of both corps. From our position we could see but little of the terrific contest that was going on, and which was continued for the whole day. In the direction of Fort Hell, about a mile to our right, there was a constant roar of artillery and musketry. As we stood by our guns listening to the battle raging on the right and on the left, the anxiety for news from the scene of action was most intense, and when we learned that our boys had captured and were occupying part of the enemy's works in front of Fort Hell, we felt that the end of the long struggle was at hand. Late at night we lay down to rest and went to sleep with the boom of artillery and volleys of musketry for a lullaby. On the 3d we were up early, and an unusual quietness, that we were not accustomed to, pervaded the air. Anxious inquiries were made as to how things were along the line, but without information until about six o'clock, when some of the 31st Maine boys came back from the front and reported that they had been in the city, which was evacuated during the night.

Soon we had orders to send teams to the abandoned lines and

bring back some guns, and a little later orders were received to report, with several other batteries of the corps, at the reserve artillery camp at City Point. About half of the batteries remained with the corps, which immediately started to join Sheridan in the last and final struggle. It was a happy, though rather a mixed crowd, composed of artillery, baggage trains, sutlers' wagons and prisoners of war, that moved that day with faces towards City Point. Even the prisoners seemed to be glad that they were out of it. Considerable bartering was done with the prisoners, and a hundred dollars in Confederate money was no unusual price for a handful of hard bread. About noon the rumor began to spread that Richmond also had been captured. This was thought to be too much good news for one day and would not be accepted as a fact until it was confirmed by good authority. Arriving at City Point, we went into camp with the other batteries about a mile from the landing, and the time was spent anxiously waiting for news from the front. As news came frequently of Sheridan's magnificent successes, we all felt that a few days more would see the finish and began to make our plans for being home very soon. On the 9th, about seven o'clock in the evening, we began to hear loud cheering in the direction of the landing. Camp after camp took it up, and it spread rapidly in every direction till it seemed that every man was making all the noise that he could. We knew it must mean good news, and extra good news at that, from the hearty and continuous cheering that was kept up with increasing volume. Everyone was on the "qui vive" and some of the boys started off to find out the cause of so much noise. Soon we saw them returning, out of breath, and when within shouting distance they called to us, "Lee has surrendered." Instantly a shout went up from every man and our voices were added to the thousands that were making the evening air ring. Comrade grasped comrade by the hand and tears of joy stood in many an eye.

Soon some one called attention to a quantity of brush in the pine grove near at hand, and in a moment every hand was bringing brush and huge bonfires were started. Other camps took it up and anything that would burn was sacrificed, and the whole country for miles around was soon a blaze of light. The rejoicing was too great to abate, and when late at night some tired

comrade would quietly steal away to his tent for a little rest, he would be unceremoniously pulled out, with the information that no one would be allowed to sleep that night. It was daylight before any degree of quietness was restored and the boys began to act like sane beings. All our thoughts from this time began to centre upon going home.

On the 14th, just after midnight, Captain White received an order to send immediately to brigade headquarters a Sergeant and twelve men mounted and equipped as cavalry. At the same time officers were hurriedly riding from camp to camp carrying the information of the assassination of President Lincoln, which news was to be kept from the men. The detail was hurriedly made and sent, as ordered, but coming at such a time and under such circumstances it caused much comment and inquiry in the Battery. The next forenoon about the time that the detail returned, the news of the President's death became known, and the joy and hilarity that had been so prevalent for the past few days became suddenly changed to sadness, and it seemed like a personal loss to each one.

During the remainder of April we remained quietly in camp at City Point waiting to start on our homeward march. On the morning of May 3d we broke camp and started on our last march, and in the afternoon crossed the James River at Aiken's Landing and camped for the night near Chapin's farm on an old rebel campground, where the boys picked up many souvenirs. On the 4th we were again on the march and at noon halted in the suburbs of Richmond for dinner, but did not enter the main part of the city. Much interest was manifested in examining the fortifications through which we passed, and the heavy guns were still mounted in them which were much larger than any we had seen before. As we stood within the enemy's works we could understand better than ever why it had been impossible to carry them by assault. Through the remainder of the day and the following day our route was through historic ground and battle fields, and passing through Hanover Court House, we camped, on the night of the 5th, near the Pamunky River.

On the morning of the 6th we crossed the Pamunky and, continuing our march northward, we arrived on the evening of the 7th at the beautiful village of Bowling Green, where we

encamped for the night. On the 8th we crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, passing over the battle field where Burnside in December, 1862, had sacrificed thousands in the vain attempt to carry Marye's Heights, and on the north side of the river where the Army of the Potomac had camped during the winter of '62-3, and at night we went into camp near Aquia Creek. During the night Richard E. Wyman disappeared from camp and no track or trace could be found of him. As we were on our way home, it did not seem possible that he would desert.

On the morning of the 9th we again resumed our march and at night arrived at Fairfax Seminary, which proved to be our last camping ground before leaving for home. Our march from City Point had taken just a week and had been done leisurely. We had enjoyed beautiful weather and altogether it had been a very pleasant trip.

From our arrival at Fairfax Seminary until our start for home not much occurred of any note.

The batteries of the reserve artillery to which we were attached did not take part in the grand review at Washington, on May 23d and 24th. Immediately after the review preparations were rapidly made for the return home of the troops, and about the 28th the batteries began to turn in their guns and horses.

One evening, three or four days before we were to bid good-bye to Virginia, some of the boys started to illuminate by placing candles on the ridge of the tents. The other batteries took it up and were followed by the infantry, and soon the whole country as far as could be seen was brilliantly lighted. Not content with this, improvised fireworks were made from the cartridges from the limber chests and for a time the display was very brilliant. After an hour's amusement of this sort the boys formed in line and several charges and counter charges were made with the battery next to us. A halt was then called and all the batteries united and fell in line and then marched to the different Captains' quarters, giving each a cheer and calling for a speech, which was responded to in each case. When we had completed our rounds it was past midnight, and this was our last frolic. June 1st our guns were taken to Washington and turned in to the Ordnance Department, and the next day our horses were turned in.

On the morning of June 3d we struck tents early and started for Washington on our way home. It was not until dark that we were aboard the train and ready to start, accompanied by the 6th Maine Battery and a New Hampshire battery, also some infantry regiments. The next morning we arrived at Philadelphia soon after daylight, and marched across the city to the old Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon, so well known and remembered by all old soldiers who passed through Philadelphia, where we found a most bountiful breakfast prepared for us. Our reception as we passed through the city was most cordial and enthusiastic. Although it was Sunday morning, and very early, many of the citizens were out to greet us, many of the buildings were decorated, and several arches with appropriate mottoes had been erected to welcome the returning soldiers and a salute was also fired. After having partaken of our breakfast, we crossed the ferry to Camden and embarked on the Camden and Amboy railroad for Amboy, where we were transferred to a boat for New York, at which place we arrived late in the afternoon and were again transferred to the New London boat. In the evening we passed down the sound and arrived at New London about five o'clock on the morning of the 5th. Here we took the train for Boston. The boys had been rather negligent in regard to rations and many had not had anything to eat since leaving Philadelphia twenty-four hours before, but the good people of New London came handsomely to our relief and for the hour that we were there the ladies were kept busy feeding the hungry boys. After an hour's run the train made a short stop at Norwich, where we were as cordially received as at New London, and when we left the inner wants of every one had been satisfied. At Worcester a short stop was made and a cordial greeting given to us. About nine o'clock we arrived at the Beach Street Station in Boston, and disembarking were marched with the 6th Battery to the old Beach Street Barracks. Upon entering we found that a guard from the invalid corps had been placed at the door to prevent any one leaving, which did not meet the hearty approval of the boys, and many of them hastily unslung their knapsacks and made a break for the guard, which was hustled out of the way rather lively. Just then Captain White and some other officers appeared on the scene and with quiet restored the boys soon returned to their quarters.

Finding that a pass from the First Sergeant would let them out, he was kept busy writing passes until his paper gave out, and to avoid further annoyance he quietly sneaked away, but the boys finding an exit through a trap door, the quarters were soon empty. It was well understood that we were to take the night boat for Augusta, and the day was spent looking over Boston and when it came time to start every man was on hand. About five o'clock we fell in line and accompanied by the 6th Battery started on our march across the city. As we were marching through one of the business streets every window and door was filled and some one from an upper window called out, "Cheers for the boys from the Pine Tree State," and most hearty was the response. As we listened to the generous greeting our hearts swelled with emotion and more than one eye was moist. Embarking on the Kennebec boat, the berths were all given up to the soldiers, the other passengers doing the best they could for the night, and for one night we felt that we were a little better than common people.

Our first landing was made at Richmond soon after light, and we were looking for something of a greeting and were considerably taken down to find only one man at the landing. At Gardiner we expected to see some of our friends, but there were only the ordinary number of about a dozen in sight. Arriving at Hallowell it was only a little better, and the boys began to feel disappointed and growled considerably at the cool reception we were receiving in our own state, when we had been so cordially received at other places.

Upon arriving at Augusta we found that the reception there was enough to make up for what had been lacking at the other places, and very proudly we formed in line and marched to the camp on the grounds in front of the State House, where a most substantial and generous repast had been provided for us, and where an hour was happily spent in listening to words of welcome, and good advice given to us, by eloquent speakers.

As our muster-out rolls had to be made out, which would take several days, many of the boys took advantage of the time for a short visit to friends at home, and all returning in time, we were mustered out of service on June 17th and separated, many never to meet again and others only at our annual reunions which for the past few years have been so happy and pleasant.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSTER—PROMOTIONS—RE-ENLISTED—DIED IN THE SERVICE
AND WOUNDED—DIED SINCE 1865—DISCHARGED 1862-3-4.

ROSTER.

Name and Rank.	Mustered in.	Discharged.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.			
O'Neill W. Robinson, Jr.	21, 1861		Promoted Major. Not mustered. Died at Bethel July 17, 1864.
Charles W. White.	14, 1862	June	17, 1865 Promoted from 2d and 1st Lieut. Died about 1867 in Georgia.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
Lucius M. S. Haynes.	21, 1861	September	22, 1862 Resigned. Ell-champton, N. Y.
Hamlin F. Eaton.	13, 1862	January	14, 1863 Resigned. Ludden, So. Dak.
Mathew H. Coffin.	13, 1862	March	32, 1863 Promoted from 2d Lieut. Resigned. Died in New York about 1866.
Henry C. Haynes.	21, 1861	November	24, 1864 Prom. from 1st Sergt. and 2d Lieut. Resigned. Died at Brooklyn, N. Y. Dec., 1864.
Melville C. Kimball.	21, 1861	December	24, 1864 Promoted from Q. M. Sergt. and 2d Lieut. Resigned. Milton, Mass.
John M. Freeman.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Private, Corp., Sergt., 1st Sergt. and 2d Lieut. Bethel.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.			
Augustus Fox.	13, 1862	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Sergt. Wounded July 30, 1864. Died about 1866.
George W. Woods.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Sergt. Died at Mt. Vernon, 1867.
FIRST SERGEANTS.			
William H. Brooks.	21, 1861	December	20, 1864 Promoted from Corp. and Sergt. Augusta.
Judson Ames.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Corp. and Sergt. Foxcroft.
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS.			
Cyrus M. Williams.	21, 1861	December	20, 1864 Promoted from Sergt. Died at Mt. Vernon about 1870.
William Jordan.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Private. Died about 1870.
3d SERGEANTS.			
Orin O. Verrin.	21, 1861	May	28, 1862 Discharged for disability. Solon.
Harry Parkman.	14, 1862	June	1862 Discharged for disability. Emporia, Kan.
Solon Robertson.	21, 1861	March	18, 1863 Discharged for disability. Middleboro, Mass.
Algeron S. Bangs.	14, 1862	January	25, 1863 Discharged for disability. Augusta.
Lewis F. Brown.	21, 1861		Promoted from Corp. Died at Little Washington, Va., August 3, 1862.
Jesse Owen, Jr.	21, 1861		Promoted from Corp. Died at Alexandria, Va., August 10, 1864.
Jesse S. Cleveland.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Corp. Loydton, Cal.
Jared Bates.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Corp. [Granite Falls, Minn. Prom. Lt.
Graham Powers.	13, 1862	May	15, 1864 Prom. from Private and Corp. Wounded Oct. 15, 1863, in U. S. Colored Regt.
Ebenezer G. Talbot.	21, 1861		Promoted from Corp. Died in hospital May 23, 1863.
Wilbert P. Urdand.	21, 1861	June	17, 1865 Promoted from Corp. Died about 1875.
Lester Holway.	14, 1862	January	13, 1865 Promoted from Corp. North Plainfield.

ROSTER—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Mustered In.	Discharged.	Remarks.
WAGONSERS.			
George W. McKimney.....	December 24, 1861	June 17, 1863	North Anson.
Charles Crymble, Jr.	January 14, 1862	June 17, 1863	Wounded at Petersburg September 18, 1864. North Anson.
PRIVATEs.			
Allen, Henry.....	December 24, 1861	December 20, 1864	Died at Brunswick.
Asplin, Prince L.....	December 24, 1861	June 17, 1863	Died ———.
Ayer, Joshua.....	December 12, 1862	November 12, 1862	Deserted June 13, 1862. Died ———.
Alexander, William F.....	January 24, 1861
Amason, John W.....	January 16, 1864	June 17, 1863	New Castle, N. H.
Ames, Sewell B.....	March 4, 1864	June 17, 1863	Rebbed.
Akers, Joseph W.....	February 24, 1863	June 17, 1863	Died about 1867.
Bailey, John P.....	February 12, 1862	June 17, 1863	Died about 1867.
Beach, Ira W.....	January 14, 1862	June 17, 1863	Died at Alexandria Hospital November 27, 1862.
Beach, Andrew F.....	December 24, 1861	June 17, 1863	Rebbed.
Brock, George H.....	December 24, 1861	April 18, 1864	Wounded at Cedar Mountain. Died at Harper's Ferry March 8, 1863.
Brown, George W. E.....	December 24, 1861	May 5, 1862	Transferred to Navy. Toga.
Brown, Johnathan E.....	January 14, 1862	July 18, 1862	Discharged for disability. Died ———.
Brown, Moses T.....	August 29, 1862	May 18, 1863	Discharged for disability. Died about 1862.
Brown, William P.....	December 18, 1861	April 5, 1863	Wounded at Cold Harbor June 4, 1864. Died ———.
Brown, Hiram.....
Bullage, Famerline.....	February 15, 1861	June 24, 1864	Northport.
Blake, William W.....	September 29, 1861	June 17, 1863	Mt. Vernon.
Boile, George.....	January 14, 1864	June 17, 1863	Mt. Vernon.
Blanchard, Jacob S.....	January 16, 1864	June 17, 1863
Blodgett, John F.....	February 29, 1863	June 17, 1863	Pittston.
Bolton, Farbat.....	September 26, 1861	June 17, 1863	Died ———.
Bragdon, William H.....	October 6, 1864	June 17, 1863	Temple.
Brackley, William T.....	September 16, 1861	June 17, 1863
Belcher, Frederick.....	September 16, 1861	June 17, 1863	Never joined battery. Augusta.
Brown, Arthur L.....	September 20, 1861	May 13, 1863	Never joined battery. Augusta.
Brown, James.....	October 10, 1861	June 17, 1863
Brooks, Hiram T.....	September 16, 1861	June 17, 1863	Discharged for disability. Died ———.
Brown, Leonard S.....	December 24, 1861	January 26, 1863	Died at Rebel, 1868.
Chandler, Abel, Jr.....	December 24, 1861	December 20, 1861	Died at Rebel, 1868.
Chapman, Arthur T.....	January 14, 1862	January 13, 1863	Winside, Neb.

ROSTER--Continued.

Name and Rank.	Mustered In.	Discharged.	Remarks.
PRIVATES--Continued.			
Frost, Charles W.	January	14, 1862 June	17, 1865 Waterville.
Frye, Abner K. P.	December	21, 1861 December	29, 1865 Wellington.
Fulbrey, Roger.	August	15, 1861	Deserted January 12, 1864, before reaching Battery.
Foss, Freeman C.	August	29, 1864 June	17, 1865 Wounded at Petersburg. Mt. Vernon.
Footman, James.	October	4, 1864 June	17, 1865 Died.
Foster, Leroy A.	February	21, 1865 June	17, 1865 Died at Portland about 1875.
Frost, Henry W.	January	16, 1864	Died at Brandy Station April 10, 1864.
Frost, David G.	October	11, 1864 June	17, 1865
French, Thomas F.	September	20, 1864 June	17, 1865
Friend, Edward.	February	15, 1863 June	21, 1865 Captured.
Fraser, Percy.	October	10, 1864	Supposed lost overboard on way to join Battery.
Gates, Henry P.	December	21, 1864 December	26, 1864
Getchell, Obed J.	January	14, 1862 October	30, 1862 Discharged for disability. Nashua, N. H.
Griffin, Charles H.	December	21, 1861 December	29, 1864 Died in Soldiers' Home, Norfolk, Va., July, 1897.
Gordon, Robert.	December	21, 1861 June	17, 1865 Died at Mt. Vernon June 12, 1895.
Gordon, Emory H.	August	25, 1861 June	17, 1865 Mt. Vernon.
Gordon, John H.	September	16, 1864 June	17, 1865 Mt. Vernon.
Gordon, Eugene.	September	24, 1864 June	17, 1865 Chesterville.
Gordon, Samuel W.	September	22, 1864 June	17, 1865 Chesterville.
Godin, Martin.	December	19, 1863	Died in Hospital, Augusta, December 9, 1864.
Goodwin, James H.	September	20, 1864 June	17, 1865 Died, 1906.
Goodwin, Augustine.	September	25, 1864 June	17, 1865 Died about 1895.
Glavy, Albert H.	September	26, 1864 June	17, 1865 Farmington.
Givens, Charles F.	September	30, 1864 June	17, 1865 Birmingham
Gleason, Franklin.	January	16, 1864 June	17, 1865 Farmington, N. H.
Gustin, Edwin R.	February	13, 1865 June	21, 1865
Gustin, Robert.	February	13, 1865 June	21, 1865
Handy, George W.	December	21, 1861 October	30, 1862 Discharged for disability. Died December, 1865, Readfield.
Higgins, William F.	January	14, 1862 June	17, 1865 Eastis.
Hutchins, Isaac M.	January	11, 1862 June	17, 1865 Died, 1892.
Hurl, Peter F.	September	30, 1862 June	17, 1865 Athens.
Hunter, Albert.	December	21, 1861 May	5, 1862 Discharged for disability. Died ---.
Hunter, Albert.	Not mustered.
Harrison, Robert G.	January	25, 1864 June	17, 1865 Hyeburg.
Hatch, Augustus E.	September	10, 1864 June	17, 1865 Died at Guilford, 1899.
Hawkes, John M.	September	10, 1864 June	17, 1865
Henry, Hugh.	October	7, 1861 June	17, 1865

Hoover, William F.	January	23, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Holbrook, John B.	January	16, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died at Peaks' Island, 1902.
Holmes, Daniel B.	September	17, 1864	June	17, 1865	Farmington.
Holman, Freeman	September	26, 1864	June	17, 1865	Dead.
Hord, Jacob E.	September	21, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Hoff, Cyrus	October	14, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Horton, Jefferson D.	February	27, 1864	March	20, 1865	Discharged for disability. Readfield.
Hunt, Charles E.	February	20, 1865	June	21, 1865	
Hanson, Eli	September	24, 1864	July	17, 1865	
Hanson, George K.	February	13, 1864	February	17, 1865	
Joan, E. Elad H.	September	23, 1862	June	17, 1865	Died at Augusta, September, 1902.
Jones, Charles B.	January	20, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died, 1903.
Jewell, Joscoe	February	2, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Jewell, John	September	3, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died.
Johnson, Joseph F.	September	3, 1864	June	17, 1865	St. Albans.
Johnson, Hiram S.	October	21, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Kittredge, Charles W.	December	3, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died front of Petersburg August 11, 1864.
Klinck, Charles R.	August	3, 1864	June	17, 1865	Discharged for disability. Died —.
Klinck, Simon O.	August	26, 1864	June	17, 1865	
King, John A.	January	17, 1865	June	17, 1865	Died, 1902.
Kneeland, Sylvanus	February	14, 1865	June	17, 1865	
Kneeland, Edwin R.	October	14, 1864	June	17, 1865	
Knight, Ferdinand N.	December	24, 1864	May	22, 1865	Discharged for disability. Waterville.
Lakin, Andrew A.	December	24, 1864	December	1, 1865	Discharged for disability. Died —.
Larson, Leonard H.	December	24, 1864	June	17, 1865	North Aton.
Lynch, Llewellyn.	January	14, 1862	November	17, 1865	
Lord, George	September	14, 1862	June	17, 1865	
Lowell, William H.	January	24, 1864	June	17, 1865	Transferred to invalid corps. Died —.
Locke, Manson H.	December	24, 1864	May	3, 1865	Discharged for disability.
Lambert, Samuel W.	September	30, 1862	June	17, 1865	
Lake, William J.	September	17, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died at Richmond, 1896.
Lane, John Dan R.	September	21, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died, 1894, at Bridgton.
Latson, George H.	January	14, 1862	June	17, 1865	Died at Harper's Ferry December, 1862.
Macdon, Ephraim.	August	12, 1862	June	17, 1865	Discharged for disability. Did not join Battery.
Mace, Mayhew S.	February	21, 1864	August	17, 1865	Discharged July 25, 1864.
Mace, Elijah A.	December	21, 1864	June	17, 1865	Transferred to Invalid Corps. Died —.
Middle, Martin	December	21, 1864	June	17, 1865	Skowhegan.
Morrill, David W.	December	21, 1864	October	23, 1865	Discharged for disability. Died at Cambridgeport, Mass.
Morse, George W.	December	21, 1864	December	20, 1864	Auburn.
Merrill, John	December	21, 1864	December	20, 1864	
Merrill, Seth G.	December	21, 1864	May	30, 1865	Augusta.
Marken, Wallace.	October	8, 1864	June	17, 1865	Chilled as minor.
McLean, Frank.	January	5, 1864	June	17, 1865	Died at Auburn, 1897.
McKay, Alexander.	January	5, 1864	June	17, 1865	Portland.

ROSTER—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Mustered in.	Discharged.	Remarks.
Privates—Continued.			
McLazubio, Cornelius	October 10, 1861, June	17, 1867	
Mason, Levi F.	February 11, 1862, June	21, 1863	South Centinaze.
Martor, John	June 10, 1862, June	16, 1863	Glen, Mass.
Maxwell, William A.	November 21, 1862, April	18, 1863	Transferred to Navy. Portland.
Martin, David	October 16, 1862, June	17, 1863	
Mathews, Cyrus	January 7, 1864, June	17, 1865	Died at St. Albans, July 3, 1886.
Morse, William B.	August 30, 1864, June	17, 1865	Died at Mt. Vernon, 1862.
Morrill, George H.	September 26, 1864, June	17, 1865	Farrington Falls.
Morrill, J. Augustus	August 11, 1862,	Died May 13, 1863.
Mouschan, John	January 16, 1864, June	17, 1865	
Moore, John	December 28, 1862, June	17, 1865	Died at Farrington, 1902.
Nutting, Thomas E.	February 12, 1862, February	17, 1863	Pittsfield.
Noy, Riley	December 4, 1862, June	17, 1863	Died in Hospital. ——— 1881.
Nichols, Charles L.	January 18, 1864,	Researched June 13, 1862. Dead.
Orlley, John	January 21, 1864,	Orville, Cal.
Pattin, Henry	January 14, 1862, June	17, 1863	In Pennsylvania.
Perkins, Asah B.	December 21, 1861,	Killed at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.
Phillips, S. Byron	December 12, 1862, June	21, 1863	Wounded at Cedar Mountain. Pittsfield.
Powers, Hannibal H.	February 14, 1862, June	17, 1863	
Pratt, George O.	September 17, 1863, June	17, 1865	Died at Togus about 1895.
Peterson, Charles B.	September 22, 1863, May	22, 1865	Discharged for disability.
Peterson, Lewis B.	December 7, 1864, June	17, 1865	Farrington.
Phelps, Orin M.	October 4, 1864, May	13, 1865	Never joined battery.
Phillips, Russell	September 26, 1864, June	17, 1865	Readfield.
Phillips, Dudley O.	August 12, 1864,	Never joined battery.
Practor, Alfred D.	September 21, 1864, June	17, 1865	Died.
Rider, John	December 14, 1862,	Accidentally killed at Fort Ramsey, May 10, 1862.
Rodger, Charles H.	January 14, 1862,	Discharged June 13, 1862.
Rodgers, Nathaniel	February 12, 1862, May	5, 1862	Discharged for disability. Concord.
Rowe, John	Discharged for disability. East Madison.
Ramsell, Levi	July 25, 1864, June	17, 1865	Died ———.
Ramsell, Alston K. P.	February 10, 1864, June	17, 1865	
Ricker, Frank	October 21, 1864, June	17, 1865	
Ring, Orin	September 21, 1864, July	1, 1862	Wounded at Cedar Mountain. Transferred to Invalid Corps. Pittsfield.
Sally, Charles H.	December 14, 1862,	Died at Pittsburg, Pa., July 6, 1894.
Sully, Horace B.	January 14, 1862,	

ROSTER—Concluded.

Name and Rank.	Mustered In.	Discharged.	Remarks.
Privates.—Concluded.			
Wright, James M.	August	17, 1865	Died at Mt. Vernon, 1862.
Wray, Lewis A.	December	17, 1865	Died at Worcester, Mass., 1900.
Webster, Mark H.	September	17, 1865	Died at Oxford about 1889.
Webster, Edmund A.	September	17, 1865	
Whipple, James L.	January	17, 1865	Died at Mt. Vernon March 10, 1874.
Winchester, John	September	17, 1865	Died at Corinna September 29, 1891.
William, Albert B.	September	17, 1865	
Willard, Albert F.	February	17, 1865	Plymouth.
Wood, Henry P.	February	17, 1865	
Wynnan, Dorrington	February	21, 1865	Disappeared May 13, 1865.
Wynnan, Richard L.	January	16, 1864	

Promotions, 1862.

2d Lieut. C. W. White to be 1st Lieut. Private John M. Freeman to be Serg't.
 Corporal Jere Owen to be Sergeant. Private Gorham Powers to be Corporal.
 Corporal Jere Cleveland to be Sergeant. Private George A. Magoon to be Corp'l.
 Corp'l Ebenezer C. Talcott to be Serg't. Private William Lane to be Artificer.
 Corp'l Lewis F. Brown to be Serg't.

Promotions, 1863.

Q. M. Sergt. M. C. Kimball to be 2d Lieut. Private Llewellyn Tozier to Corporal.
 Ord. Sergt. H. C. Haynes to be 2d Lieut. Private James M. Allen to be Corporal.
 Sergt. John M. Freeman to be Ord. Sergt. Private Jere Buckley to be Corporal.
 Sergt. Cyrus M. Williams to be Q. M. Serg. Private Oliver Y. Nutting to be Corporal.
 Corp. Augustus Fox to be Sergeant. Private Emery J. Packard to be Corp'l.
 Corp. Judson Ames to be Sergeant. Private Alonso Plummer to be Corporal.
 Corp. Gorham Powers to be Sergeant. Private Lyman G. Brown to be Corporal.
 Corp. Jared Bates to be Sergeant. Private Alfred C. Bates to be Corporal.
 Corp. Wilbert P. Friend to be Sergeant.

Promotions, 1864.

1st Lieut. C. W. White to be Captain. Private Charles A. Allen to be Corporal.
 2d Lieut. M. C. Kimball to be 1st Lieut. Private H. B. Stevens to be Corporal.
 2d Lieut. H. C. Haynes to be 1st Lieut. Private Jere Keene to be Corporal.
 Ord. Serg. John M. Freeman to be 2d Lt. Private Charles B. Patterson to be Corp'l.
 Sergt. Augustus Fox to be 2d Lieut. Private Silas R. Kidder to be Corporal.
 Sergt. William H. Brooks to be Ord. Serg. Private James A. Jones to be Bugler.
 Corp'l Lester Holway to be Sergeant. Private Mark Harville to be Artificer.
 Corp'l Alfred C. Bates to be Sergeant. Priv. Edgar C. Kirkpatrick to be Art'cer.
 Private Albion B. Frost to be Corporal.

Promotions, 1865.

2d Lieut. John M. Freeman to be 1st Lt. Private Emulus F. Whitten to be Corp'l.
 Sergt. George W. Woods to be 2d Lieut. Private Emery L. Hunton to be Corp'l.
 Sergt. Judson Ames to be Ord. Sergeant. Private Maurice S. Philbrick to be Corp'l.
 Private William Jordan to be Q. M. Serg. Private Alvah Whittier to be Corporal.
 Corp'l Llewellyn Tozier to be Sergeant. Private Oliver J. Moulton to be Corporal.
 Corp'l Charles A. Allen to be Sergeant. Private Nathan W. Hazen to be Corporal.
 Private Joseph B. French to be Sergt. Private Uriah Reed to be Corporal.
 Corp'l Charles B. Patterson to be Sergt. Private Lucius Lawrence to be Bugler.
 Corp'l Albion B. Frost to be Sergeant. Private Silas Perham to be Artificer.
 Private Lysander H. Parker to be Corp. Private Osgood J. Cleary to be Artificer.

RE-ENLISTED IN THE FIELD.

Freeman, John M.	Parker, Lysander H.	Gordon, Robert.
Fox, Augustus.	Whittier, Emulus F.	Higgins, William L.
Woods, George W.	Nutting, Oliver Y.	Hutchins, Isaac M.
Ames, Judson.	Magoon, George A.	Lincoln, Llewellyn.
Jordan, William.	Huntton, Emory L.	Marvel, Mayhew N.
Owen, Jere, Jr.	Bartlett, Franklin C.	Mills, Marion.
Cleveland, Jere.	Lane, William.	Patten, Henry.
Bates, Juliet	McKenney, George W.	Perkins, Ansil B.
Powers, Gorham.	Crymble, Charles, Jr.	Powers, Hannibal H.
Friend, Wilbert P.	Austin, Prince L.	Pratt, George O.
Allen, Charles A.	Bean, Ira W.	Rider, John.
French, Joseph B.	Brick, George H.	Sylvester, John.
Patterson, Charles B.	Clayton, David S.	Vittum, Ambrose.
Allen, James N.	Crosby, Cornelius.	White, Franklin.
Keene, Jeremiah, Jr.	Frost, Charles W.	Wright, Alden B.

KILLED AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Name.	Date.	Remarks.
Capt. O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr.	July 17, 1864	At Bethel, Me.
Sergt. Lewis F. Brown	Aug. 3, 1862	At Little Washington, Va.
Sergt. Jere Owen, Jr.	Aug. 11, 1864	In hospital at Alexandria, Va.
Sergt. Ebenezer C. Talcott	May 3, 1863	In hospital.
Corp'l Jere Keene	June 21, 1864	Killed front of Petersburg.
PRIVATE.		
Bailey, John F.	Sept. 14, 1862	In hospital at Alexandria, Va.
Reid, Andrew F.	Mar. 8, 1863	At Harper's Ferry, Va.
Crymble, Caldo.	April 9, 1864	At Brandy Station, Va.
Davis, Lewis F.	May 29, 1862	Mortally wounded at Fort Ramsay, Va., May 30.
Dowst, Selden M.	Feb. 5, 1865	In hospital.
Eldridge, Isaac	Mar. 25, 1862	In hospital.
Foss, Nathaniel A.	Jan. 2, 1864	In hospital at Frederick, Md.
Frost, Henry W.	April 15, 1864	At Brandy Station, Va.
Fraser, Barry C.	Oct. 1, 1864	Lost overboard on way to join Battery.
Godin, Martin	Dec. 9, 1864	In hospital at Augusta, Me.
Kimball, Charles W.	Aug. 11, 1864	Front of Petersburg.
Magoon, George H.	Dec. 1, 1864	In hospital.
Morrill, J. Augustus	Aug. 10, 1864	In hospital.
Nichols, Charles H.	—, 1864	In hospital.
Phillips, N. Byrd	Aug. 9, 1862	Killed at Cedar Mountain, Va.
Robie, Charles H.	May 10, 1862	Killed at Fort Ramsay, Va.
Stetson, Jesse F.	June 29, 1863	Reams Station, Va.
Stevens, James W.	Mar. 28, 1865	In hospital.
Sullivan, James C.	Dec. 23, 1864	In hospital at Augusta.
Thompson, Asa L.	Dec. 26, 1862	In hospital at Frederick, Md.
Titcomb, John H.	Sept. 14, 1862	In hospital.
Witham, Asa	July 21, 1862	Little Washington, Va.

Wounded in Battle.

Lieut. Augustus Fox	July 30, 1864	Front of Petersburg.
Orderly Sergt. R. C. Haynes	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Sergt. Gorham Powers	Oct. 15, 1863	McLenn's Ford.

PRIVATE.		
Berry, Wilbur P.	June 1, 1864	Cold Harbor.
Connell, Quinlan	—, 1862	Fort Steadman.
Davis, Abel	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Foss, Freeman C.	—, 1864	Front of Petersburg.
Crymble, Charles	Sept. 18, 1864	Front of Petersburg.
Powers, Hannibal H.	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Sully, Charles H.	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Towle, James R.	July 30, 1864	Front of Petersburg.
Smith, James C.	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Vittum, Ambrose	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.
Reid, Andrew F.	Aug. 9, 1862	Cedar Mountain.



DIED SINCE DISCHARGE FROM THE SERVICE.

Name.	Date.	Place.	Remarks.
Capt. Charles W. White.....	About 1867	Georgia.	
Lieut. M. B. Coffin.....	About 1863	New York.	
Lieut. Henry C. Haynes.....	Dec., 1864	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Lieut. Augustus Fox.....	About 1868	Portland.	
Lieut. George W. Woods.....	About 1867	Mt. Vernon.	
Q. M. Sergt. C. M. Williams...	About 1870	Mt. Vernon.	
Q. M. Sergt. William Jordan...	About 1870		
Sergt. Wilbert P. Friend.....	About 1875		
Sergt. Charles A. Allen.....	1872	Howard, S. D.	
Sergt. Charles B. Patterson...	1891	Pittston.	
Sergt. Abner B. Frost.....	About 1885		[Influenza.
Sergt. Jere Cleveland.....			Killed in the West by
Corp'l George Holden.....	1864		Murdered in West.
Corp'l James M. Allen.....	About 1885	Augusta.	
Corp'l Silas R. Kidder.....	Jan. 18, 1874	Dutch Flats, Cal.	Accidentally shot.
Corp'l Maurice S. Philbrick...	1892	Mt. Vernon.	
Corp'l Emuls F. Whittier.....		Cal.....	Killed making an
Corp'l Alvah Whittier.....	1898	Vienna.	arrest.
Corp'l Uriah Reed.....	About 1869	Lewiston.	
Corp'l Emery J. Packard.....		Mass.	
Bugler Hebron M. Wentworth	1860	Fogus.	
Bugler Harley F. Hicks.			
Artificer M. W. Marvel.....	1866	Lewiston.	
Artificer William Lane.....	1880	Monson.	
Artificer Albert V. Thompson	1893		
Artificer Charles L. Bigelow.			
Artificer Osgood J. Cleary.			
PRIVATES.			
Aclln, Henry.			
Akers, John M.....	About 1867		
Akers, Joseph W.....	About 1867		
Alexander, William F.....		Brunswick.	
Austin, Prince L.			
Brown, George W. E.			
Brown, Jonathan E.			
Brown, Lemuel S.			
Berry, William P.			
Bean, Moses T.....	1892		
Bokinc, Fortuna.....		Farmington.	
Chandler, Abel, Jr.....	1898	Bethel.	
Clifford, David S.....	1897		
Cony, Henry C.....	April, 1891	Auburn.	
Crowley, Cornelius.....		Rockland.	
Crum, George B.....		Cal.	
Cornell, Quilon.....		Portland.	
Chase, Stephen.....	About 1888		
Coombs, Charles T.....		Temple.	
Coombs, Asa.....		Temple.	
Clark, William.....	1865		
Donley, Franklin.....		North Anson.	
Dean, Charles.....	1891	Solen.	
Dutton, Cornelius.....	1892	Vienna.	
Douglass, George B.			
Dearborn, C. H. C.....	Jan. 25, 1894	Mt. Vernon.	
Dolbo, Sewell.			
Davis, Lewis.....	1896	Newcastle, N. H.	
Edridge, Charles A.....	1892	South Gardiner.	
Edler, Alvan.			
Fogg, William H. H.....	1897		
Foster, Leroy A.....	About 1875	Portland.	Accidentally killed in
Footman, James.			the West.
Griffin, Charles H.....	July, 1867	Norfolk, Va.....	At Soldier's Home.
Gordon, Robert.....	July 12, 1865	Mt. Vernon.	
Goodwin, James.....	1860		
Gagna, Augustin.....	About 1865	Farmington.	
Hutchins, Isaac M.....	1862		
Hatch, Augustus, E.....	1869	Guilford.	
Holbrook, John B.....	1892	Peak's Island.	
Hutton, Samuel.			
Huddy, George W.....	Dec., 1866	Readfield.	

DIED SINCE DISCHARGE—Concluded.

Name.	Date.	Place.	Remarks.
PRIVATES—Concluded.			
Hodgdon, Freeman.			
Jones, Ethel H.	Sept., 1902	Augusta.	
Jones, Charles L.	1903		
Jewell, John.			
King, John A.	1902		
Kitteridge, Charles R.			
Lake, William W.	About 1880	Richmond.	
Lincoln, Leonard H.			
Lowell, William H.			
Lane, Jonathan R.	1901	Bridgton.	
McCaun, Frank.	1897	Auburn.	
Morse, William B.	1892	Mt. Vernon.	
Muce, Elijah.			(Mass.)
Merrill, David V.		Cambridgeport.	
Mathews, Cyrus	July 3, 1886	St. Albans.	
Nutting, Thomas E.	1902	Farmington.	
O'Riley, John.			
Perham, Charles H.	About 1897	Togus.	
Ramsdell, A. K. P.			
Rider, John.			
Sawyer, Charles F.	About 1886		
Southard, Amaziah.	1900	Harpeswell.	
Smith, James C.		Brunswick.	
Scriggins, Charles H.	Oct. 25, 1888	Covington, Ky.	
Smith, Osmyrn		Bethel.	
Sally, Horace B.	July 6, 1904	Pittsburg, Pa.	
Tozier, Franklin.			
Whittier, James L.	Mar. 10, 1874	Mt. Vernon.	
Weston, Lorenzo.	About 1870		
Weston, Amasa P.	About 1885		
Wilson, Edwin H.	1863		
Wright, Elbridge G.	1863	Mt. Vernon.	
Wright, James M.	1902		
Wave, Lewis.	1900	Worcester, Mass.	
Weston, James B.			
Whittier, True.			
Williamson, Anthony G.			
Witham, Alvin T.			
Wright, George W.			
Webber, Mark G.	About 1880	Oxford.	
Winchester, John	Sept. 26, 1891	Corinna.	

Discharged in 1862.

Name and Rank.	Date.	Remarks.
LIEUTENANTS.		
L. M. S. Haynes	September 22	Disability.
SERGEANTS.		
Orrin O. Vittum	May	28 Disability.
Harry Parkman	June	Disability.
BUGLER.		
Harley F. Hicks	June	Disability.
ARTILLICER.		
Charles L. Bigelow	May	12 Disability.
PRIVATES.		
Ayer, Joshua	November 15	Disability.
Brown, Jonathan E.	July	Disability.
Chapin, Henry D.		Not mustered.
Clark, Hiram S.	May	13 Disability.
Corbett, Harvey S.	February 22	Disability.
Douglass, George B.	June	2 Disability.
Elder, Abiah	February	Claimed by 13th Maine.
Getchell, Otis J.	October 30	Disability.
Hunter, Albert		Not mustered.
Huntton, Samuel	May	5 Disability.
Handy, George W.	October 30	Disability.
Lincoln, Leonard H.	December 1	Disability.
Locke, Abner H.	May	8 Disability.
Magoon, Ephraim		
Merrill, David V.	October 28	Disability.
Morrow, Seth G.	May 30	Disability.
Marden, Wallace		Not mustered.
Rowe, John	May	5 Disability.
Robinson, Levi	July 12	Disability.
Snow, Daniel E.		Not mustered.
Stevens, Oliver LeRoy		Not mustered.
Tozier, Franklin	May	5 Disability.
Turner, Harrison O.	June	Disability.
Washburn, Benjamin	February 22	Disability.
Weston, James R.	May	5 Disability.
Whittier, True	December 2	Disability.
Wills, Stephen A.	April 23	Disability.
Wills, Sylvester	April	5 Disability.
Wright, Rocke F.	December 15	Disability.
Wright, George W.		Disability.

Discharged in 1863.

LIEUTENANTS.		
Hamlin F. Eaton	January 11	Disability.
Mathew B. Coffin	March 12	Disability.
SERGEANTS.		
Solon Robertson	March 18	Disability.
Algernon S. Bangs	January 16	Disability.
CORPORALS.		
George Holden	March 13	Disability.
Luther B. Jennings	February 5	Disability.
PRIVATES.		
Brown, George W. E.	May	5 Disability.
Brown, Lemuel S.	January 26	Disability.
Davis, Abel	January 29	Account of wound.
Fogg, William H. H.	March 21	Disability.
Kitteredge, Charles R.	August 1	Disability.
Lakin, Andrew A.	May 22	Disability.
Mace, Elijah A.	August 1	Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Sally, Charles H.	July 1	Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Sally, Horace B.		Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Smith, Isaac T.	August 11	Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Smith, Osmyne	March 17	Disability.
Sturly, Cyrus A.	February	Disability.
Twitchell, Austin F.	January 7	Disability.

Discharged in 1864.

Name and Rank.	Date.	Remarks.
LIEUTENANTS.		
Melville C. Kimball.....	December 21	Disability.
Henry C. Haynes.....	November 30	Disability.
ORDERLY SERGEANT.		
William H. Brooks.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Q. M. SERGEANT.		
Cyrus M. Williams.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
SERGEANT.		
Alfred C. Bates.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
CORPORAL.		
Jere Euckley.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
BUGLER.		
Hebron M. Wentworth....	December 27	3 years term expired.
PRIVATE.		
Allen, Henry.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Chandler, Abel.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Dooly, Franklin.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Dean, Charles.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Foss, John.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Frye, Albion R. P.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Gates, Henry P.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Griffin, Charles H.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Moore, George W.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Morphy, John.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Sawyer, Charles H.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Southard, Amariah.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Smith, James C.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Thompson, Octavius.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Weston, Lorenzo.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
Wright, Elbridge G.....	December 20	3 years term expired.
SERGEANT.		
Gorham Powers.....	May 15	Promoted Lieut. in U. S. Colored Reg't.
CORPORAL.		
Alonzo Plummer.....	February 9	Promoted Lieut. in 30th Reg't U. S. C. T.
PRIVATE.		
Brick, George H.....	April 18	Transferred to Navy.
Donaldson, Thomas.....	Claimed by Battery G, 3d U. S.
Davis, Lewis.....	September 30	Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Lowell, William H.....	Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Muxwell, William A.....	April 18	Transferred to Navy.
Seabot, John.....	April 18	Transferred to Navy.

CHAPTER X.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

HEBRON M. WENTWORTH.

OBITUARY AND EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—A GARDINER EX-MAYOR PASSES AWAY.—HON. HEBRON M. WENTWORTH DIES AT THE NATIONAL HOME, D. V. S., SUNDAY.

It was not such a great many years ago that among the most valuable industries of Gardiner was counted the Wentworth Spring and Axle Works, giving lucrative employment to a large force of men, who commanded large wages and added greatly to the prosperity of the city. But large plants and Western competition killed the business in this city, and our citizens regretfully saw it dwindle away and finally abandoned.

The founder of the business here, Mr. Hebron M. Wentworth, who died at the Tegen Home Sunday, brought the business from Readfield here, and was a man of sterling integrity and character. He served his country faithfully in the Civil War, a member of the 4th Maine Battery, and was greatly respected in his adopted home. He was elected mayor in 1874, serving two years, having previously been a member of both branches of the city government. After closing out his spring business he commenced the manufacture of bolts in the grist mill building, but was only engaged in that business a short time. For the past four years he lived with his daughter, Mrs. Myra L. Moody, in Tacoma, Wash., returning to Gardiner last summer, and being in feeble health entered the Home hospital.

His wife, who was Miss Caroline Williams of Readfield, died about four years ago, and he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Moody, and son Frank, and a brother, Mr. Charles A. Went-

worth of this city. The funeral occurred at the Home Wednesday afternoon, Rev. J. L. Quimby officiating, quite a number going out from this city. He was about seventy years old. —*From the Gardiner Reporter-Journal.*

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF H. M. WENTWORTH,
1862-1864.

Washington, April 9, 1862.

We left the barracks at Portland at 5 A. M. April 1st, and at 6.45 started by train for Boston, where we arrived at 3 P. M. and marched directly across the city to the Fall River depot, and upon our arrival at Fall River went aboard the steamer Empire City for Jersey City, where we arrived at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 2d. There we had to wait on the wharf until noon, when we took a cattle boat to South Amboy, a distance of thirty miles, and there were put on a train of old cars with board seats, and at 3 o'clock started for Camden, where we arrived at 6 o'clock and crossed on the ferry to Philadelphia. Here they have a large hall fitted up for feeding soldiers in and we found a first-rate supper all ready for us. We had a very pleasant time until 10 o'clock, when we started for Baltimore. I slept until we reached Havre de Grace, where all trains cross the Susquehanna River on a ferry boat which is large enough to carry an engine and eighteen loaded cars. We arrived at Baltimore at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 3d and had breakfast at the Soldiers' Relief. At 10 o'clock we started for Washington and were all day in getting there, owing to many long waits for trains, coming from Washington, to pass us. We remained over night at the Soldiers' Relief and on the morning of the 4th marched over to Capitol Hill and went into camp, and today have just got into our tents.

Fort Ramsay, Va., April 26, 1862.

We have to go through inspection every Sunday morning. Everything has to be packed in the knapsacks and after the Battery is formed in line the knapsacks are unslung and opened for inspection by the officers. After inspection the Captain orders the First Sergeant to drill the Battery, and that is about all the company drill we get. The 6th Maine Battery is in Fort

Buffalo, about a mile from us. They fitted up the old Washington church in good shape, put "Maine Volunteers" over the desk, and invited Lieutenant Haynes to preach. Captain Robinson forbade any of the 4th Battery boys attending. Under the circumstances Lieutenant Haynes decided not to accept the invitation.

Fort Ramsay, Va., May 12, 1862.

In the night I heard several shots fired and the bugle blown at Fort Buffalo. The Corporal of the Guard called the Captain, who ordered the Assembly blown and three detachments sent into the fort and three for outside guard. It was 10 o'clock when I blew the call and we did not get back to bed again until 2.30.

May 14, 1862.

I went over to Falls Church last night and visited the old church that Washington used to attend. The old pew that he used to occupy is still there. The citizens claim that he was married here, but this does not agree with history.

Washington, May 20, 1862.

We are back on our old camping ground on Capitol Hill. I blew the reveille at 3.30 this morning and we broke camp, made the march from Fort Ramsay (eight miles) and got our tents pitched at 3 P. M. We think that we have been sent back here to be mounted and equipped.

May 27, 1862.

We were just called into line and the drivers sent after horses and are now certain that we are to be mounted immediately. There are rumors that we are to stay here for garrison duty.

Washington, May 28, 1862.

Ex-Governor Morrill called to see us today. There has been quite an excitement for the past few days about General Banks being defeated, and Sunday night we expected to be sent to the front. Other troops were sent to reinforce him and now things have quieted down. The Battery is now all fitted up and having mounted drills. In the Battery we have six guns, six caissons,

a battery wagon and a forge, two four-horse baggage teams, seventeen saddle horses and ten spare horses.

June, 12, 1862.

We are still on Capitol Hill drilling every day. There are five batteries and two regiments of cavalry here, and it is quite lively when we are all out at drill.

Cedar Creek, Va., June 22, 1862.

We broke camp on Capitol Hill at 6 A. M. on the 13th and marched to the depot, where it took until 4 P. M. to load the horses and guns aboard the cars and get started for Harper's Ferry. We passed the Relay House at dark and arrived at Sandy Hook, one mile from the Ferry, at daylight. The bridge had been carried away by a freshet and we had to wait there until Sunday noon. We unloaded the horses and took them up on the heights, where we fixed up brush shelters for ourselves. We lost two horses by their falling over the bluff.

At this place Maryland Heights comes close to the river and the base has been cut away to give room for the canal, railroad and road to pass. At the side of the road the heights rise perpendicularly from 30 to 300 feet, and near the bridge juts out over the road so that a house has been built under the bluff. Harper's Ferry is nothing but a ruin. I was in the engine house where John Brown was captured.

We left Harper's Ferry for Wadesville at 4 P. M. with fifty cavalry for an escort, and remained at Wadesville two nights. We then hitched to the guns (which had come by train) and moved to Queenstown, three miles above Winchester. We passed the handsomest fields of wheat that I ever saw. General Jackson told the people here that he was coming this fall to harvest it. We remained at Queenstown over night and the next day made the march to Middletown, where we camped for the night and then came here. We are in a pleasant place and have had a good time since we left Washington. We are forty-five miles from Harper's Ferry and two and a half from Strasburg, and are in camp on a high hill with about 400 infantry. The 6th Maine Battery and a New York battery are on other hills near us, with three regiments of infantry between us. The Shenandoah Mountain is about a mile from us. The turnpike

here crosses Cedar Creek, which runs along the foot of the hill. General Jackson destroyed the bridge when he was here a few weeks ago and our troops are now repairing it. We are now in General Sigel's command.

June 21, 1862.

There are a large number of troops here now. General Fremont with the rest of his corps has joined Sigel and has made a stand waiting for Jackson, and if he comes there will be a battle. There are thirty-six pieces of artillery, that I know of, within a mile of us, and 120 pieces in the valley.

To obtain forage for the horses an officer with a detail of men are sent out to take what they can find. An infantry officer went to a mill about a mile from camp and asked the miller if he had any flour to sell. The miller told him no. Upon looking around thirty barrels were found in an old building with a lot of empty barrels thrown over them. Twenty-five barrels were taken and five left for the miller. The next day the miller fired at one of our pickets and very soon his mill was burned down.

June 29, 1862.

We had orders this morning to go to Middletown for target practice. There were five batteries at the practice at a distance of three-fourths of a mile, and our battery made the best shots of any. This is the first time we have fired shotted guns. There is a large army here now, consisting of Fremont's, Banks' and Sigel's troops, all under command of General Pope.

Warrenton, July 16, 1862.

We left Cedar Creek July 5 at 4 A. M. for Front Royal, and passed over a very rough, hilly road for sixteen miles to the turnpike, which we followed to the Rappahannock River, where we arrived after dark and found the bridge gone. We then went up the river a mile and found a bridge that had just been built. The bridge was only three feet wider than the carriages and it was a skittish thing to cross in the dark, but we got over safely and went into camp on a hill nearby at 4 A. M., where we lay down and slept for two hours. That day (Sunday) we moved about a mile, where we remained until 5 o'clock Tues-

day morning, when we started with 3,000 infantry and took a road through the mountains to a place where it was reported there were 3,000 Rebel troops. The hills and roads were the worst that I ever saw and after a march of nineteen miles we came out eight and a half miles from where we started, with men and horses pretty well tired out. The next day we moved to Perryville, ten miles, and the following day harnessed up at daylight and moved a mile, where we stood until 4 P. M., when we again started and marched until 11.30. The next day we moved to this place, where we arrived at dark.

Little Washington, July 28, 1862.

We have been among the hills and mountains ever since we left Cedar Creek, and it is a splendid country. Today we have had a grand review of 20,000 infantry and eight batteries.

Culpeper, August 14, 1862.

On the 9th we were camped just above Culpeper. At 11 A. M. we heard the long roll and harnessed up and started for the front. It was very hot and many of the infantry fell out. I saw some that were sunstruck fall like logs. We passed through a piece of woods and went into battery on a hill and commenced firing. It was but a few minutes before there were three batteries firing at us and the shot and shell came thick and fast. We were engaged three and a half hours and at dark a staff officer came and ordered us to fall back through the woods. There never was a battery that came nearer being captured than ours was and get away. One of the enemy's batteries followed us through the woods and commenced shelling us at short range, but was quickly driven back by two batteries that were in position to the right of us. The enemy's battery left three men and six horses killed and a disabled caisson. We lost one man killed and several wounded, seven horses killed and one gun disabled.

Near Fort Ellsworth, two miles from Alexandria, Sept. 3, 1862.

We have had a hard time marching and fighting the past three weeks. After Cedar Mountain we moved back to Rappahannock Station and went into position on the east side of the river to protect the bridge and ford until our troops were across. Three other batteries were in position near us with infantry

for supports. There was some firing along the river, both above and below us, but we did not see the enemy until the third day, when their batteries opened on us from the woods west of the river and at the same time about 5,000 infantry came out of the woods. A few shells from our battery and a New York battery very quickly sent them out of sight. Just then we saw a Rebel battery going at full speed to get into position on a small hill. We got the range of the hill and as soon as they began to unlimber our battery fired. The first shot struck among them and they left as quickly as they came.

Our next move was to White Sulphur Springs, where we were with the rear guard and spent the day in short duels with the enemy. It was marching and fighting from there to Alexandria. My memorandum during that time is missing, but it included the battle of Chantilly, where we had a sharp fight and a regular Virginia thunder storm at the same time, and where Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed. We got thoroughly wet in the shower and had a most uncomfortable night. It also included Second Bull Run, where we had a hard time. Our corps (General Banks) was left to rebuild the bridge the enemy had burned at Broad Run and to bring in the trains. About as soon as the bridge was repaired the enemy came in ahead of us and we were cut off from the rest of the army. The trains were burned and we were obliged to get guides and make a forced march of twenty miles around to get ahead of them again.

Brownville, Md., September 20, 1862.

Since September 2d there has been some hard fighting. Last Sunday there was a hard battle at South Mountain, where the enemy was driven back, with great loss on both sides. We are now in the reserves. Our horses have given out on account of overwork and short rations, so that on the 17th we had on one gun only two horses where there should have been six.

Harper's Ferry, September 21, 1862.

We have again moved. After the enemy had been forced back across Antietam Creek on the morning of the 17th we were stationed to protect a bridge and ford across the creek. From our position I could see two miles of the line of battle, which included the Dunker Church and the corn field where

General Meagher's brigade charged three times on one of the strongest places the enemy held. After the second charge both sides were reinforced and in the third charge I could not see friend or foe for a few minutes in account of the smoke and dust. When it cleared up our flag was on the hill and was not driven back again. The battle was equally severe on the right and left as in the centre where I could see. The enemy asked and were granted a day to bury their dead, but instead of doing that they crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

We crossed the battlefield the second day after the battle and it was an awful sight. We were the whole day in getting across the field. Our army were burying the dead, the weather was hot and it was awful. Trenches were dug and two men would take a body, each one by a hand and drag it to the trench, and when the trench was filled cover the bodies lightly with earth. Our battery crossed one of the trenches and I saw the arms and legs fly up the same as sticks will when you drive over them and break them. I have read of troops being shot down in piles. I saw where they were three deep as they fell, and five deep where they had been moved to clear a space for the battery to cross a road.

Harper's Ferry, October 2, 1862.

The army for two weeks has been encamped here and along the river for thirteen miles above here. The enemy's army is in the valley on the other side of Loudon Heights. President Lincoln has been visiting the army for two days. The national salute was fired and there is lots cheering as he goes through the camps.

Maryland Heights, October 14, 1862.

I have been around the mountain to Pleasant Valley for the mail. I got three letters and a bundle of papers. My papers are the only ones that are received in our detachment and they are read until nearly worn out.

Near Sharpsburg, Md., November 1, 1862.

Thursday we moved from Maryland Heights to this place, fourteen miles. The army is crossing the river, at and below Harper's Ferry, into Virginia, and nearly all the troops have

gone from around here. Our battery is stationed at the fords along the river. One section is at this place, one section about a mile down the river, and one section at Antietam Iron Works, five miles down the river. Sharpsburg is three miles east of here. I saw good houses with as many as eight holes where cannon shot went through them at the battle of Antietam. Shepherdstown is just across the river from here and is a very pretty town. We can see four large church steeples, which is an uncommon thing for Virginia small towns. The enemy occupy the place and have many of their sick and wounded there. Their pickets are on one side of the river and ours on the other and often talk to each other. This morning one of their pickets told ours that he would meet him half way and swap his whiskey for a shirt. I heard a Reb picket ask ours if he had any good tobacco. Our picket replied that he had. The Reb said that he wished he would bring some over to him for his was poor. We have been short of rations since leaving Harper's Ferry, and the pork we have received has been poor and the hard bread wormy. I have sat down to supper with a cup of coffee and put my hard bread into it and seen the worms half an inch long crawl out. Usually our rations are good, but such fare as this, and no money to buy better, makes one think of home.

Near Sharpsburg, November 9, 1862.

We have had three inches of snow and it is so cold that it does not go off. A rebel Captain died in our hospital, between here and Sharpsburg, and his brother had him carried across the river to Shepherdstown and buried yesterday. There was quite a gathering at the funeral and I could see them plainly with my glass. Since we went to Harper's Ferry I have had much riding to do and see much of the country and like it very much.

Harper's Ferry, December 14, 1862.

We are now encamped a mile from Harper's Ferry, on the road to Bolivar Heights. We had orders to move with our corps towards Fredericksburg, but the roads were so covered with ice and the horses so smooth shod that it took us two days and most of the next night to reach here, and the commanding officer told us that we would have to stay here this winter. The

first day of the move it snowed, and you can imagine a row of thirty men in one bed on the snow with a good fire of fence rails the whole length of the row, with a guard to keep the fire burning, and you will see the first section of the Battery. The other two sections were a mile behind us. Our tents are larger and better than they were last winter and there are only eight men in a tent, so that we are quite comfortable.

Harper's Ferry, December 29, 1862.

We are to have a review tomorrow by General Kenly. Quite an addition has been made to the force here lately, and last night an Indiana battery, five companies of heavy artillery and two regiments of cavalry came in.

We send one gun out on Bolivar Heights on picket each day, and they had quite a skirmish one day with about thirty Rebel cavalry who, wearing blue overcoats, came inside our videttes and attacked the picket line. The gun fired four shots at them, when they scattered. We captured one Captain and one man and they got three of our cavalymen. We have received thirty-six new horses and twelve mules for the baggage wagons and now have quite good teams.

Harper's Ferry, January 4, 1863.

Still here in winter quarters. A box was sent me from home but is lost. I had expected a good dinner from it. We have not been paid for some time and I have just six cents left.

Harper's Ferry, January 18, 1863.

Sunday, but no meeting—only drums, bugles and inspections. Lieutenant Eaton has got his discharge and started for home today.

Maryland Heights, April 8, 1863.

We are again on Maryland Heights with tents all up, and comfortably situated within ten rods of where we camped last fall, and have been placed in Morrill's brigade with the heavy artillery on the Heights.

Maryland Heights, April 27, 1863.

I have had several rainy days since we came on the Heights.

During pleasant weather we have mounted drill, which reminds us of Washington times last year. Some of the people in the East blame the army for not doing more, but they do not know anything about the winter weather we have here. After the stormy weather commenced there has not been a week until the second week in this month that an army could move.

May 17, 1863.

We are still on the Heights and are not having much to do. We were on duty all the fall and winter while others were resting, and feel that we have a right to a little rest now. It is a very hot day and the boys are spending the Sabbath about as usual. Some are writing home, some playing cards, some in swimming and some asleep.

Maryland Heights, May 27, 1863.

We have mounted drill every day now and the Battery is in good shape. I have eleven regular camp calls to blow besides the calls at drill, so that I am kept pretty busy.

Maryland Heights, June 10, 1863.

There has been quite a stir here for the past few days. Lee's army has made an advance and attacked General Milroy at Winchester. Milroy was surrounded, but most of his troops cut their way out and were three days in getting to Harper's Ferry. On Sunday a small force stationed at Martinsburg to guard the railroad was attacked. Some of the infantry and one section of a battery got in here Monday, and they suppose that the rest of the battery is captured. All the supplies and most of the troops have been moved from Harper's Ferry to this side of the river. Our men were on duty with the battery in line of battle last night. Today we have heard cannonading in the direction of Leesburg.

Maryland Heights, June 28, 1863.

It is quiet here now. The most of Lee's army is near here and Hocker is moving our army. The 23d Maine Regiment is here and leaves for home.

Frederick, Md., July 2, 1863.

We left Maryland Heights Tuesday, June 30th, and arrived

here last night. The troops all started with knapsacks packed full. The route for several miles was along the canal. The weather was hot and as we were hurried along the men began to throw away their things and in a short time most of them had nothing but their blankets left. I saw hundreds of knapsacks floating in the canal that had been thrown away by the troops ahead of us. It has been raining for two weeks and has not yet cleared off.

Upperville, Va., July 17, 1863.

We have been attached to the 3d Corps and are now encamped at the foot of the Blue Ridge. The battle of Gettysburg has been fought and the Rebels badly whipped, and they have retreated into Virginia. We did not get to Gettysburg, but have had hard marching since leaving Maryland Heights and there has not been a whole dry day since we started. From Frederick we went to Monocacy Junction, from there to Williamsport, and from there here. Last Wednesday we passed over the battle ground of Antietam. All the signs of battle to be seen are the graves and the broken trees. A large part of the ground has been plowed and has good crops growing on it. We have forty men detailed from the 14th Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and the battery is now well manned.

Warrenton, July 27, 1863.

We have been having hard marches for a week and are pretty tired. For three nights out of five we had only two hours' sleep. Last Wednesday we went up Manassas Gap twelve miles and drove the Rebels back into the Shenandoah Valley, then Friday, Saturday and Sunday came here. On the mountain, and much of the rest of the way the roads were very rough and bad. Some of the officers wanted to buy tea here and found the price to be \$24.00 per pound and coffee \$4.00 per pound.

Near White Sulphur Springs, August 2, 1863.

We left Warrenton yesterday morning and passing through White Sulphur Springs went into camp at White Plains. To-day we moved camp two miles to get better camp grounds and grazing for the horses. It was a hard march yesterday. During the day we heard firing in the direction of Culpeper.

Lieutenant White has gone to Maine for recruits. We need fifty men to make our number what they should be. We left one man sick at Frederick and yesterday sent four to the hospital at Alexandria.

Near Culpeper, September 20, 1863.

We are still near Culpeper and have fixed up as if we are to stay all winter. We take more pains to fix up our tents when in camp than we did last year, and we also get along much easier on the march. We have benefited some by experience. We have a good chief of artillery in Captain Randolph of Battery E, 1st Rhode Island. The enemy have built fortifications and have siege guns at Raccoon ford, a few miles from here.

Our rations are better than they were a year ago and we sometimes get soft bread. I have just got my dinner and this is the receipt: A small piece of pork and an onion; boil them, break in some hard bread, add a little sugar and pepper and stew for a short time. It makes a very good meal for a soldier and the boys have named the dish "Billy-be-dam."

Union Mills, October 16, 1863.

We are about five miles from Fairfax Station and in position covering McLean's ford. On the morning of the 11th we had orders to report to General Ward near Culpeper, and at 8 o'clock the battery joined his division and started on a forced retreat towards Washington, and arrived here yesterday morning, when we had a sharp engagement with the enemy, in which the battery fired 131 rounds. After three hours' engagement the enemy fell back. Our loss was Sergeant Powers severely wounded. During the night there was a heavy shower and we lay down to sleep as wet as water could make us. On this retreat it was a regular race with the 3d Corps and the Rebs from Culpeper to the Rappahannock. We moved in two columns: a column of seven batteries in the road and a division of infantry through the fields on the left. About 3 o'clock the enemy showed themselves not more than fifty yards from our battery. The infantry formed into line on the double quick and the Rebs left without firing a gun. A short time after they attacked the head of the column and one staff officer was killed and several wounded. Early on the morning of the 13th we

left the Rappahannock and arrived at Greenwich at 3 o'clock the next morning, where a stop of two hours was made and we again pushed on for Centreville. General Warren with the 2d Corps was following as rear guard and had a sharp fight at Bristoe Station not more than two hours after we had passed. We arrived at Manassas Plains at 4 P. M., and crossing Bull Run, went into position to cover the trains while they were crossing. The trains got across at dark and we then moved back to Centreville and the next morning (15th) to Union Mills.

Callett's Station, October 22, 1863.

We started back from Bull Run Monday morning and are in camp here. I have had a hard march since a week ago Sunday.

Brandy Station, November 19, 1863.

We are now having a resting spell and living well. General French reviewed the corps Tuesday. There were eight batteries in line, with the 4th Maine on the right, making a line half a mile long.

Brandy Station, November 25, 1863.

We drew ten days' rations and had orders to move at daylight yesterday morning. It commenced to rain and we stood in harness until 1 o'clock, and then unharnessed and pitched our tents.

Brandy Station, December 4, 1863.

We have had a hard week's work. We left camp early Thanksgiving morning and had a hard march over very muddy and bad roads to the Rapidan, where we arrived in the evening and stood in the road all night. In the morning we crossed the river and moved down the plank road two miles, and then took another road to Robertson's tavern and camped for the night two miles from the front lines. The next day at noon the Battery moved two miles to the left, going across lots. We remained at this place until the next night (Sunday) and then moved into line of battle. It had rained a large part of the time since we started, but now turned severely cold. This and the succeeding night water froze an inch thick and some of the wounded perished from the cold. The next morning we had a short, sharp fight. There were thirty-four guns in our line

and they fired about twenty rounds each. During the day I went with a staff officer and Captain Robinson about half way to the enemy's line to look for a place to put the battery if we should make an advance. We could see their lines and they fired two or three shots at us. Monday night we unharnessed for the first time since we left Brandy Station. Tuesday morning we were called at 5 o'clock with orders to report at once to General Tyler of the reserve artillery. The ground was rough and frozen solid, the reserve artillery was rushed right along, and we had gone but a short distance when one of the gun axles broke and very soon a caisson axle broke. The ammunition was buried and drag poles put under the gun and caisson to bring them back to camp. We crossed the Rapidan at Ely's ford and went into camp at dark. Wednesday morning we harnessed up and waited until the 2d Corps had crossed and then started for Brandy Station. Three miles from the station the road was completely blocked by teams stuck in the mud and we had to camp for the night, and this morning returned to our old camp grounds and had orders to pitch our tents and make ourselves comfortable.

Brandy Station, December 31, 1863.

I have just returned from a furlough of eighteen days and reached camp just one hour before the furlough expired. Lyman Brown returned with me. Twelve of the boys have re-enlisted and are going home on a thirty-five days' furlough.

Brandy Station, February 4, 1864.

Sixteen recruits arrived from Portland yesterday. This makes twenty-eight new men and helps the looks of the Battery. It needs twenty-five more to fill the Battery.

Brandy Station, February 27, 1864.

It is very pleasant weather now and the ground is dry and dusty on top but frozen beneath. I have lots of camp calls to blow. The reveille at 6 A. M.; roll call, 6.15; guard mounting, 8; fatigue, 8.30; water call, 9.30; surgeon's call, 3 P. M.; stable call, 4; recall, 4.30; breakfast, dinner and supper calls, and retreat at 9 P. M.

Brandy Station, March 23, 1864.

It commenced snowing yesterday and during the day and night six inches fell. This is more than all we have had before this winter.

Brandy Station, April 6, 1864.

I was ordered to blow the Assembly today and after the boys fell into line one of them presented me with a silver bugle that cost \$54.00. It is a nice present and I am much pleased with it.

Brandy Station, April 13, 1864.

A few days ago we were transferred to the 6th Corps and have just moved our camp to that corps and got our tents up. General Selgwick commands the corps. He is a good officer and well liked by every one.

Brandy Station, April 20, 1864.

The 6th Corps were out last Monday to be reviewed by General Grant. There are ten batteries in the corps and the buglers were all together playing when we passed the General, so I did not have much chance to see him.

Cold Harbor, Va., June 10, 1864.

We have not done much marching this month. Since we came here (on the 1st) the pioneers and infantry have been busy digging and building fortifications and now both sides are well fortified. There is picket firing all the time and for several days the shells would often come over and through the Battery, but we have not been troubled with them for the past three days. On the 3d we were harnessed up to go to the front. We heard a gun and watched for the shell. It struck about ten rods from us where a band were eating their supper and threw the dirt all over them. It then came directly towards us and struck between Lieutenant Haynes and myself, who were standing close together, and covered us with dirt, and about two rods further on wounded two horses and then struck an ambulance and stopped. There is not much fun in this way of living.

I have seen but one daily paper since this campaign commenced, and that was ten days old.

Near Petersburg, June 26, 1864.

On the evening of the 20th the Battery was sent into a fort

on the Appomattox River within 300 yards of the enemy's works. Their sharpshooters were so near that the gunners could not raise their heads above the works without the Minie balls singing around their ears as thick as bees. During the day Jere Keene was killed, one man wounded and one horse killed. On account of the sharpshooters the Battery could not be relieved until after dark. On the evening of the 22d the Battery was relieved and marched all night and nearly the whole of the next day to a new position on the extreme left of the line. Here we worked all night building breastworks and were engaged almost steadily for the two following days, when we were relieved by the 2d Corps and moved back two miles and expected a little rest. We had just got fixed up a little and ready to sit down when I heard "Wentworth, blow the bugle." We had to pack and harness up again and move about half a mile, when we halted again. We have been at the front marching and fighting day and night since the 10th and the men and horses are nearly used up.

Front of Petersburg, July 3, 1864.

Our corps was on a raid to Ream's Station on the Weldon railroad and gone two days and three nights. The corps was not engaged, but tore up fifteen miles of railroad and destroyed a bridge and other property. There has been no rain since the 2d of June and the ground is about like ashes, and when the army is on the move the air is as full of dust as it ever was of smoke.

City Point, July 12, 1864.

The 6th Corps have all, except four batteries, gone to Maryland. I had just got to bed and asleep Friday night (9th) when I was called to blow the "Boots and Saddles." We hitched up and at 10 o'clock started for here and after an all-night march arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning. It is reported that the corps does not need all of its batteries and that we are to stay here. We are living high and get soft bread and all kinds of vegetables.

City Point, July 23, 1864.

The Battery has been on a trip to Washington and is now

back again. On the way back from Washington all the horses were put on an old Boston ferry boat which was loaded clear down. When we arrived at Smith's Point, at the mouth of the Potomac, the bay was too rough to cross and we had to go back twenty-five miles and stay over night. Every foot of the floor was covered with men and baggage and I stayed two nights on a bale of hay. The third night it rained and I camped on a narrow seat in the old cabin but did not get much sleep.

Front of Petersburg, July 27, 1864.

We moved up from City Point last night and are in park on ground that was occupied by some of the 2d Corps. There is a steady picket firing and cannonading going on day and night.

Front of Petersburg, July 31, 1864.

Night before last six batteries of our corps were sent to the front and placed in some new forts. The ammunition was unloaded and all the drivers and horses sent to the rear with orders to report at headquarters in the morning and await orders.

It was dark when we went in, but the lines are so near together that the Rebs heard us and commenced shelling with 100-pound mortars. We could follow through the air, by the burning fuse, the shells which dropped all around us. In the morning the whole line opened fire at once and such a cannonading is seldom heard. There were about 100 guns near us, besides any amount of musketry. It lasted three hours and was a continuous roar. Sergeant Fox and one man were both wounded by one musket ball.

When the firing commenced a shell came over and hit a sutler's tent near where the drivers were in camp. The sutler jumped on his horse and left and in less than fifteen minutes everything in the tent was distributed among the crowd.

Near Petersburg, August 5, 1864.

This is the first day that I have been excused from duty on account of sickness. I am all used up with the dysentery.

Near Petersburg, August 17, 1864.

I am now in the hospital and the doctor advises me not to



blow the bugle any more. Two of our men are here, which makes it seem more like home to me.

Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Washington, August 25, 1864.

I was sent to City Point Sunday and one man in the ambulance with me died on the way. I arrived here yesterday, all used up.

August 28.

The doctor says that I have a stubborn case of chronic diarrhea. It follows me all the time but is not so painful as when I came here.

After a short time in the hospital they offered me a furlough for eighteen days. I went to my tent, thought it over and concluded that I could not get home alone, so had a cry and went to bed. That night my brother David came and with his help I got home and had to have my furlough extended three times for twenty days each. I returned to Washington expecting to go to the Battery, but they would not let me, and after a few days I came home and was discharged at Augusta. My health was so poor that I did but little for a year and never fully recovered from the effects of exposure, and sickness contracted while on duty in the army.

SERGEANT SOLON ROBERTSON.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

I was born in Bethel, Me., where I resided previous to the war, and was by occupation a painter. When the 1st Maine Regiment was raised for three months' service I enlisted and was mustered in at Portland on the 3d day of May, 1861, in Company "G," Captain Beal. The Captain was afterwards Colonel of the 10th and 20th Maine Regiments, and promoted to Brigadier General. The regiment left Portland for Washington the 1st day of June, where it was encamped, performing guard duty at exposed points until August 1st, when it left for Portland, and I was mustered out with the regiment on August 5th. I was in the hospital in Portland from an attack of slow fever, and again in Washington with a severe case of mumps.

When the 4th Battery was raised I was one of the first to enlist with Captain Robinson, on December 9th, 1861, and was mustered in at Augusta on the 21st of the same month. When the organization of the Battery was completed I was appointed Sergeant of the sixth detachment, and being the only one in the Battery that had had any military experience, the work of drilling the men fell in a large measure upon me. At first we used infantry drill. One day when at drill near the State House, the Adjutant General came out and presented to me a copy of "Army Rules and Regulations" and an artillery drill book, which was the first one I had ever seen. After this we used artillery drill.

Among the earliest to enlist in the Battery was John O'Riley, who was doubtless insane. He was the cause of much trouble and also some amusement for the boys. At times he would claim that he was the original Christ, and to prove it would take off his boots and show the scars on his feet. At times it was impossible to do anything with him, and often it was necessary to place handcuffs on him. Once I took him to the jail for safe keeping, and when being taken to his cell he threw the keeper and both rolled down two flights of stairs. The keeper was very glad to accept the help I had before offered. O'Riley said that Sergeant Robertson was the only officer that he would obey and I was the only one that could manage him. After one of his disturbances I was ordered by the Captain to put him to sawing wood and a man with a sabre on guard over him. A few moments after leaving them I heard some one running, and going out of my tent I saw the guard running around the tent, holding the sabre in front of himself, and O'Riley chasing him with the saw. I spoke to O'Riley and he said that if I would take that man away he would saw the wood, and he kept his word. In Washington, after the Battery had been mounted, the Captain told me one day to tell O'Riley to pack his knapsack and come to his tent, and that I was to tell the boys that O'Riley was to be sent to the river to wash his clothes. That was the last that we saw of O'Riley.

We left Augusta March 14 for Portland and were in barracks at Island Park until April 1st, when we started for Washington, and from there to Fort Ramsay by way of Alexandria. At Fort Ramsay, while drilling in the fort one day, I was called

to the gate by the sentinel and found two farmers who had in their wagon Charles Robie and Lewis Davis, frightfully wounded by an exploding shell from which they had been trying to get off the lead fuse plug by pounding it with a piece of iron. I directed them to be taken to the hospital at Falls Church. Robie died that night and was buried in the cemetery near the church with military honors, my detachment acting as firing squad. The Captain telegraphed to Davis' folks and his father and mother came, arriving at the hospital a few moments after he had died. They carried his remains back to his home.

Previous to May 26th we had returned to Washington and on that date received our guns and horses, and two weeks later went by train to Harper's Ferry, where the horses were unloaded and we bivouacked for the night on Maryland Heights. The next morning the guns went forward by train and the drivers with the horses crossed on the pontoon bridge and started up the valley, where we went into camp at Cedar Creek. Near camp there was a herd of army cattle and I asked the Captain why we could not have some fresh beef, and he said "No," he did not want us to have the chronic diarrhea. The next day I took four men and went out half a mile, where I found a herd of young cattle. We shot and dressed one and brought it into camp. The Captain ordered it to be buried, but I insisted upon having it to eat and after it was cooked the Captain was very glad to have some of it for himself. After leaving Cedar Creek David Merrill was taken sick, and the ambulance being filled with the officers' baggage, I took him to a small cottage near some village, and the woman very readily consented to take him in and care for him until he got better. A few days later some rebel troops were in the village and were told that a Yankee soldier was secreted in this house. They came to make a search for him, but the woman had taken Merrill to the attic and had him crawl close under the eaves and then piled boxes and other things over him. In their search they ran their bayonets into the pile of rubbish and pricked Merrill several times, but he gave no alarm and their search proved fruitless. While encamped at Little Washington one of the men died with the black canker, which ate holes through his tongue and lips. Sergeant Brown also died at this place and was buried under a

large tree, and I cut his name and battery in a piece of plank and set it at the head of his grave. One of the men was taken sick and badly broken out and I reported to the Captain that I thought it was the smallpox. The Captain laughed at me, but when I told him that I should report it to headquarters if he did not attend to it, he called a surgeon, who promptly pronounced it a clear case of smallpox and ordered a tent pitched for him on a hill nearby, and a Frenchman who had had the disease sent to take care of him. Two days after the battle of Cedar Mountain these two men came to camp and Captain Robinson asked the Frenchman how they had escaped being captured by the enemy. The Frenchman replied: "Mine Got, we was captured by that — Mosby and he march us on wood road about mile by the mountain. Mosby then ask me what was de matter wit' dat man, and I say 'He got de smallpox and I got him like de hell too.' Mosby and whole gang then leave us right off quick."

Not far from Little Washington, Jere Buckley came to me just before sunset, and pointing to a flock of sheep, said: "Sergeant, please let Twi, shell and I go over there and get one of those sheep." I replied "Yes," and off they went and got the sheep, dressed it and brought it down to the road and started to join the Battery. Passing a short turn in the road, they suddenly met General Banks with his staff. The General asked the boys what they had got and Jere replied, "A sheep that we killed up on the hill." The General ordered them to be taken to his headquarters and put under guard, where they had the pleasure of seeing the sheep killed and eaten by the General and his staff. In the morning the General told the boys that he was much obliged for the sheep and that now they had better report to their Captain. When they returned the Captain, who had been informed of the matter, asked them where they had been during the night, and Jere replied, "With General Banks, sir." While in the Shenandoah Valley the boys were all out of money and very short of necessities. One morning the Captain ordered me to take a squad of men on horseback and go out for hay. About two miles from camp we found a stack and nearby a tobacco house filled with tobacco. While the men were getting the hay tied in bundles to carry across their horses' backs, I went for the tobacco house, and got two bundles of about fifty pounds.

When we reached camp it did not take long to distribute it among the boys.

At the battle of Cedar Mountain my horse was killed under me by a ten-pound shell. I went to the rear for another horse, and when I returned the enemy were charging up the hill in front of us and the Battery had limbered up and was leaving. I took the saddle from the dead horse and put it on the new one, but did not waste any time in fastening straps and following the Battery to a piece of woods where it had halted. There was a battery on our right which opened fire and did good execution. It was dark at this time and the troops were badly mixed. We soon moved further back and halted for the night. The next day I was asleep under the gun when Lieutenant Coffin awakened me and asked me to go to the battlefield with him. I told him that I had seen all of it that I wanted to, but I saddled my horse and we went out beyond our picket line, where both sides were working together burying the dead. Near the picket line a rebel General came toward us, and saluting, asked if we had been on the field long, to which Lieutenant Coffin replied that we had just come. We then rode with him around and across the field to their picket line, when he again saluted and left us. It was a terrible sight to look upon. The Unions and Confederates were working together in a most friendly way, digging pits large enough to hold forty or fifty of the dead laid side by side, only spreading their blankets over them and then throwing the earth back until the trench was filled. In a few days we fell back to Rappahannock Station, where the Battery was engaged and shelled the bridge. I was sent by the Captain with the centre section to guard a ford about a mile down the river. From here we moved to White Sulphur Springs, where we relieved a Rhode Island battery that had been badly cut up. Both legs of one of their officers had been cut off above the knees by a piece of railroad iron, about eighteen inches long, which had been fired from the enemy's guns. We soon silenced the enemy's artillery, but their sharpshooters were very annoying. We soon got the range of them as they showed themselves on an opposite hill, and a few shots quieted them. During the afternoon Major Kieffler, the chief of artillery, was sitting on his horse in rear of my gun and called my attention to a brass howitzer of the enemy's that glistened in the sun on a hill to our

right. He said, "Sergeant, see what you can do with that gun." I told Corporal Fox to do his best, and when the gun was sighted I directed him to make a little change on account of the wind. The Major was watching through his glass when the gun was fired, and brought his hand down with a slap, saying, "That is the best shot that I ever saw, for it has dismounted their gun." A squad of sharpshooters had taken position in the hotel within the enemy's line and were firing from the windows. I directed Corporal Fox to make a shot at the house. The shot passed through the house lengthwise and the sharpshooters did not wait to get out through the door but jumped from the windows and ran. From here we fell back towards Alexandria. At Broad Run, General Banks, finding that the enemy was between us and the main army, burned the trains that we were guarding. Three engines and a large number of cars containing ammunition, clothing and provisions were thus destroyed, and the wagons of our ammunition were blown up.

After we had crossed Bull Run the Captain said that he would take supper in Alexandria that night. Just after dark an orderly came to him with orders to send a gun back two or three miles. My detachment was sent and we were placed in position on a hill covering a bridge, with instructions to fire if we heard any one crossing. About two o'clock we heard troops moving near the bridge, but an officer came and told me that it was part of the rear guard that had lost their way and were just coming in. At daylight we limbered up and joined the Battery near Aqueduct Bridge, where we crossed the river and through Georgetown into Maryland. During this retreat we had been out of rations much of the time and were a hungry lot of men. The day that we crossed into Maryland Corporal Holway came to me and said, "I wish that I had something to eat, for I am so hungry." We arrived at Frederick soon after the Rebs had been driven out and saw a large number of our men that had been captured and paroled. At South Mountain the Rebel dead lay thick along the road and through the woods. The roads were strewn with old muskets and pieces of carpet that the Johnnies had used for blankets. During the fall after Antietam the Battery did guard duty at the fords near Sharpsburg. One day I went with the men to the river to water the horses, when a squad of Johnnies came down on the opposite side with a flag

of truce. The officer in command called out: "Hello there, Yank, We have got sixteen of your men here that we want to get rid of. Cannot you come over with a boat and get them?" I told him that we could find no boat. He soon found one and brought the men over. This officer said to me that he was tired of the war and he knew that we were, and if we would bring some man (I have forgotten the name) that they would bring Jeff Davis and we would hang them and that would end the war.

The Johnnies would often come down to the river and call across asking if we Yanks were not tired of fighting; that they were tired of it and wanted to go home.

It took us two days to move from here to Maryland Heights, a distance of nine miles. The roads were coated with ice and the horses smooth shod, and in some cases twenty-two horses were not able to draw a gun up the hills. We soon moved across the river to Harper's Ferry and went into winter quarters, and I received my discharge the 16th day of March, 1863, by reason of rheumatism and heart disease. Before I left the Battery the Captain promised me that he would promote Corporal Holway to be Sergeant in my place.

I attended the reunion held at Bethel, and when I was pointed out to Corporal Holway, he came and threw his arm around me and wept like a child. He said, "Sergeant, I thought you were dead." A few years ago I received a letter from Ethel H. Jones which I prize very highly. I make the following extract: "Yes, Sergeant, I well remember your many kind words and your genuine soldierly appearance and loyal, upright manner, how well you looked after your men, always manifesting the forgiving spirit for their many shortcomings. How much I should enjoy taking you by the hand, and if possible I want you to come to Augusta next June to the reunion, and I will see that you have the attention of at least one of the boys of the old sixth detachment."

After leaving the service I followed the painting business, when able to work, until 1880. I have worked in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. I spent two winters in Florida for my health. I am now unable to do any manual labor except a little work in the garden. In 1893 I bought a lot and built a two-story cottage at 6 West End Avenue, Middleboro, Mass., where I have since lived. It is a beautiful location and I have a very pleasant home.

LIEUTENANT MELVILLE C. KIMBALL.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Received my early education in the public schools of Bethel, Gould's Academy, Bethel, and Westbrook Seminary of Westbrook, Maine, now Deering. Enlisted before I was of age but was mustered in a few days after I became of age. Attending school and assisting my father in his business occupied my time previous to enlistment. Since discharge after recovering my health, have been engaged in mercantile pursuit.

CORPORAL ALONZO PLUMMER.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Was born February 18, 1842, at Hartland, Maine. Worked at farming until 1862. Taught school in winters of 1859, 1860 and 1861. Was preparing for college when the war broke out. Enlisted as a private in 4th Maine Battery at Augusta, Maine, March 8th, 1862, and was with the Battery until February 9th, 1864. Was then promoted to Second Lieutenant Company A, 30th Regiment United States Colored Troops, and joined the regiment at Benedict, Md. The regiment was assigned to 1st Brigade, 4th Division, 9th Army Corps. Was with the Army of the Potomac through the Wilderness, and at the siege of Petersburg, Va., until November, 1864. Was in the battle of the Crater, where Co. A, 30th Regiment, was nearly blotted out of existence, losing forty-eight men out of sixty-six.

Was Provost Marshal of the brigade during October and November, 1864, and was then promoted to First Lieutenant and rejoined Company A of his regiment. The 4th Division of the 9th Army Corps was then transferred to the 18th Corps at Bermuda Hundred, Va.

In December, 1864, and January, 1865, was with the Fort Fisher expeditions and was at the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15th, 1865, Sugar Loaf Hill, N. C., February 11th, 1865, and Wilmington, N. C., February 22, 1865. Marched north and joined Sherman's army at Bentonville, N. C., the day after the battle of Bentonville. Was with Sherman's army from there to Raleigh, N. C., and on the rebel army surrendering he resigned and left the service June 1st, 1865, at Goldsboro, N. C.

September, 1865, entered the University of Albany, N. Y., and graduated from the law department May 25th, 1866. Went to Minneapolis, Minn., and practiced law until April, 1869, and went to Boston, Mass., and stayed until January, 1870. Came to Benton Harbor, Mich., in January, 1870, where he has been engaged in the law business ever since. Was married in 1867 to Miss Ellen D. Hawkes at Medway, Mass. Has two children, daughter Edith and son Harry. The latter has just graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Mich.

ABEL DAVIS.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

I returned home to New Portland immediately after my discharge and labored on a farm and in the woods until the spring of 1868, when I left the State and went West, arriving at Eau Claire, Wis., in May. I worked in and around the saw mills there, on the boom and in the woods, until on June 17th, 1872, I stuck my pick handspike in a log and started for the Law School. In September following I entered the law department of the Wisconsin University at Madison, Wis., and entered upon the study of law for a profession, where I graduated the 19th day of June, 1873, a full fledged LL. B. I went home to Eau Claire the next day and immediately formed a partnership with one of the established lawyers there by name of Joseph F. Ellis, under the firm name of Ellis and Davis.

On the 4th day of July following my graduation I delivered my first oration in the city of Eau Claire. What a bound, how I did feel. I wore a plug hat and marched to the table to dinner with the dignitaries in the midst of the choir of young ladies. That was my entrance into a professional life.

That firm of Ellis and Davis continued for about four years, when it was dissolved by mutual consent, and in the summer of 1877 I came East and spent the summer around my old home.

I got back to Eau Claire, Wis., some time in October, and soon opened another law office alone and hung out my sign. My health, which had shown signs of failing the spring before, now began to give me fair warning that there was a limit to the

mental strain that I could endure and kept crying out, stop, stop.

In May, 1879, I went to Crookston, Minn., and opened a law office and bank. That was a frontier city about seven years old, and I carried everything valuable on my person. My health continued to fail, and the first Tuesday of June when the court opened, having been in town only four or five days, I went into court with the rest and took my place, and on Thursday, in making an argument before the jury in defending a man for stealing, I broke down in the middle of my argument and the case all went from me, it vanished out of my sight. I had reached my limit and had to stop.

I staid at Crookston until about the first of August, when I came back to Eau Claire.

I went into the woods the next winter to see if I could not coax back some health, but did not succeed very well. I was in the city of Eau Claire and had an office, but did not do much until about the first of June, 1881. I resolved to try the East for a visit and medical aid, and I came to Boston (sad mistake) and there on the 18th day of June I fell while crossing the Common, with a stroke of partial paralysis. On striking the ground I partially recovered and proceeded to haul myself together as best I could with my left arm, and when I got far enough to take account of myself I found one half of me gone, my right half was not in it, but I have recovered from that in a measure.

I did not go back West, but staid in Maine, and in June, 1882, went to New Portland and purchased the Charles B. Clark farm, where I next lived for about two years. In the spring of 1884 I had disposed of the farm. I went West and went into the grocery business. I was taken sick the next December and was obliged to give up that. In June, 1885, I came East again. I came to the Grand Army Encampment held that year in Portland, and in December of 1885 came to Pittsfield and stuck my stake, opened a law office where I have been ever since, and it looks as though I might remain here, for Pittsfield is a wealthy and good town and takes care of its poor in good shape, and I have a residence gained.

In honors I have had my share, I presume. If I had deserved more I would most certainly have got them, if I had had the time to attend to them, but they are all vanity and emptiness now. I have been president of a baseball club, yet who knows

it now except me, and elected an honorary member of a Ladies' Relief Corps. Now is not that enough, ought it not to satisfy any reasonable being?

(I was a bachelor until I was most fifty, and did I not have fun.)

I was married August 28th, 1890, to Angie Rogers Morrill of Lewiston, who took as much interest in our reunions as though she had always been a member. I had a very pleasant married life and as for a member of our session and battery association my wife was a very enthusiastic member, but all things must end and on the 2d day of February, 1898, my wife died and I was left alone again. Sad was the day.

Now I know of but one thing more to write about, and that is the time when my own obituary is to be written, and all I will say about it is I expect to be there and to be the center of attraction and to be the most interested one there, but I do not believe I shall feel like writing an account of it, so I will say, make such comments as you please. So good night, when I greet you again it will be to say good morning in some bright and cheery clime.

But I am still here and hope to greet you all many times.

ABEL DAVIS.

Pittsfield, September 13, 1905.

ARTHUR T. CHAPIN.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

I am a descendant of Deacon Samuel Chapin, who settled in Springfield, Mass., early in 1600. I was born at Concord, Maine.

After my discharge from the army, I came west to Nebraska. By the way, it might be of interest to you to know that I was in Washington attending the theatre and saw Lincoln assassinated by Wilkes Booth. I have been engaged in different ways while here. I served two years as Deputy Sheriff of Washington county, this state, then was elected Sheriff and served two years.

I opened up a large farm of 1700 acres in this county, served as County Commissioner and then was re-elected to another

term, but had to resign as my business required my attention.

In 1852 I with others organized the Merchants' State Bank, of which I was elected President and still remain in that position.

I am a member of the G. A. R. Post, a member of the Maronic Lodge, and also of the Knights of Pythias and of the Uniform Rank.

Now, comrade, use what you wish of this and throw the rest into the waste basket. You remember, I presume, that when I enlisted, my brother, two years younger than myself, enlisted also, but when our guardian heard of it, he sent to Augusta and took Harry home and wanted me also to go, but I would not give up until my three years were up.

My brother is living in Chicago, Ill., and is engaged there in the book business. When the history of the Battery is published, I want several copies.

I have a wife and three children living and they will each want one. I enclose you my diary of the war. It was written in such a garbled condition that I do not know as it will be of any use to you.

PETER F. HURD.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Peter F. Hurd, born in Harmony, Maine, January 7th, 1839, was the son of a farmer. He made farming his occupation until the War of the Rebellion called him to the service of his country. He enlisted in the summer of 1862, without bounty, for nine months; but while at Augusta waiting to be mustered into the army, re-enlisted as a volunteer for three years or during the war, and was enrolled as a private in 4th Maine Battery, September 16th, 1862. Genial, cheerful, faithful and prompt in every duty, he was respected, and ranked high in the favor and good will of his comrades. He survived the dreadful conflict, without a wound, and was honorably discharged at the end of the war, June 17th, 1865. In a few years he moved from Harmony to Athens, where with the exception of a short time, he has since resided, during which time he had charge of the great Hillside dairy farm in Boylston, Mass.

SERGEANT CHARLES A. ALLEN.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Born in Wilton, soon removed to Farmington. At three years of age removed to Augusta, at sixteen years removed to farm in Mt. Vernon, remaining until enlisting. Common school education, went from school soon to the army, after discharge returned to farm and attended during fall and winter of '65 a business college in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Returned to Maine and in company with Will Jordan went to Eastbrook in a lumber deal. In '68 returned to the farm in Mt. Vernon, remaining till spring of '70, and then removed to Dubuque, Iowa, engaging in the book and stationery business, remaining till April, '86, then sold out and removed to Howard, S. Dak., where I had taken up land. Elected County Auditor on the Republican ticket in 1894. Democrats and Populists fused and snowed us all under, this fall. March, '89, married Miss Maude Davey. Have one boy, now five years old. Have been pretty well broken down in health for the past ten years, unfit for manual labor, and have received for past six years a pension of \$6.00.

Was appointed Corporal winter of '63-64, and Sergeant fall of 1864 in front of Petersburg.

MARION MILLS.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Enlisted while attending school, at the age of 18 years. I was ordered in camp at Augusta December 17, and mustered in with the 4th Maine Battery at the State House.

The subject of this sketch was present with the Battery every day with the exception of two instances, the first being a few days before the battle of South Mountain, when he was detailed to return to Washington for the purpose of procuring horses which were much needed in the service. Several days were passed at the Capitol, at the end of which time the Quartermaster returned to us and we were informed that no animals could be obtained. The writer, in company with "Fid" Twitchell, started on foot in search of the Battery. Twitchell was taken ill and I went on alone.

About the middle of the afternoon I ran across the 20th

Maine Infantry, a new regiment just on the field, and spent the night with them, and the next day found the Battery. While in camp at Brandy Station, orders were received that anyone wishing to re-enlist could do so. This was in '64. I was very much opposed to it at first, but having in mind the thirty-five days' furlough, I concluded to re-enlist. The furlough did not appear until the latter part of March, '65. Portland, Me., was reached April 1, 1865, just two years from the day of departure. After passing a few days at home, I was ready to return, and while at home learned that nearly all of my schoolmates were at the front. I left home to return on the first day of May and joined the Battery, which had during my absence been transferred to the 6th Corps, which started next morning for the Wilderness campaign.

I remained with the Battery during the Wilderness campaign, and it was while at Cold Harbor, after the heaviest of the fighting, the rebels mounted long range guns and sent three shells into our lines, one of which came over, breaking my horse's leg and hitting me on the arm, but did not disable me for duty, being a spent shot. We soon moved to the front of Petersburg, where I was detailed as the Captain's orderly, and filled the duties of that office until mustered out with the Battery at Augusta, June 17, 1865.

CORPORAL L. B. JENNINGS.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Luther B. Jennings was born in Farmington, Me., on the 29th day of November, 1837. Common school education and academy. He made two foreign voyages at sea and in 1861, November 20th, enlisted in the 4th Maine Battery (Light Artillery.) Was discharged on the 6th day of February, 1863, by reason of surgeon's certificate of disability, rendering him unfit for service. The following July 15th was drafted and paid \$300 commutation, considering the money would do the government more good than a man broken in health in former service, and also being under medical treatment at time of draft for disabilities contracted in the service.

Since the war have followed the occupation of a farmer. The

last thirteen years have been totally unable to perform manual labor. Married. Four children, two sons, two daughters. Residence Windsor, Kennebec county, Maine.

CORPORAL, SILAS R. KIDDER.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Silas R. Kidder was born in Concord, Maine, Somerset county, and moved with his parents to Vienna, Kennebec county, when eight years of age. He was educated in the common schools and Thomas F. Hovey's High School. He was an excellent scholar and was well qualified for a teacher or any town business, but on account of the infirmities of his father he was obliged to remain on the farm.

He remained there until 1862, when he enlisted in the 4th Maine Battery and served until the close of the war in 1865. He became discontented with farming and went to California and engaged in mining. He married a Maine girl and settled there, still continuing in the mining business with fair success until he met with a sad ending of his life in 1874.

He and a partner owned a mine at Iowa Hill and employed two watchmen. One morning they found that gold had been taken from the flume, and suspecting one of the watchmen, they agreed to watch at night and find out. During the night Silas was shot by one of the watchmen, dying almost instantly.

Information sent to his mother and sister in Maine, stated that it was supposed that he detected the watchman in the theft and, to save himself, he shot Silas. Public opinion was against the man and he left the place. Silas left a wife in California and a mother and sister at the old home in Vienna, Maine. He died January 16th, 1874.

ARTIFICER MARK HARVILLE.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Mark Harville was born in Madison, Maine, October 6th, 1844. He attended the district schools and in a few years moved to Skowhegan, and at the age of seventeen he began

blacksmithing, serving an apprenticeship of three years to J. P. Varney of that town. When the apprenticeship was completed, he immediately enlisted in 1864 at Skowhegan, and went to Augusta for a stay of one night before going to Portland, where a stop of several days was made. From Portland, the next move was to Galloup's Island, where a transport was secured direct to City Point. Mr. Harville remained there two nights and then joined the Battery, which was at Hache's Run, in front of Petersburg. During the remainder of the war, he was with the Battery and acted as artificer or blacksmith. At the close of the service he came home and was mustered out June 17th, 1865, at Augusta, Maine. Soon after he came to Skowhegan. He has been West several times, but after all prefers the grand old State of Maine. His occupation has always been that of a blacksmith and does that work at the present time.

DANIEL O. DEARBORN.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

The son of Hiram and Hannah F. Dearborn, was born February 18th, 1849, at Vienna, Me. He attended the district and high school of his native town, and at the age of fourteen began his business career in a country store at Waterville, Me. Prior to coming to Everett in 1873, he owned a store in Readfield, Me., for one year, and at New Sharon, Me., for seven years. He is the oldest active grocer and provision dealer in the city, having been in trade here for twenty-three years. He employs six clerks and runs four teams, and does a business of sixty thousand dollars a year.

In 1861 Mr. Dearborn enlisted in the 4th Maine Battery and served his country faithfully for three years, not being absent from his country for a day during his enlistment. He was one of our Assessors in 1889 and 1890. He was a member of the Common Council in 1894, and was appointed by Mayor Henderson in 1899 as Assessor for two years, which term he is now serving. He is a member of the G. A. R. and Grand Army Club of Massachusetts, Masonic Fraternity of A. O. U. W., Pilgrim Fathers, Pine Tree State Club and Glendon Club. November 25th, 1895, he married Ruth J. Whittier (sister of

Sandy) and daughter of Cyrus S. and Hilda Whittier of Vienna, Me. They have three daughters and reside at No. 19 Summer street, Everett, where they will be glad to meet all the comrades of the old 4th Battery.

OLIVER W. WELCH.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Oliver W. Welch was born in Canaan, Somerset county, Maine, November 13th, 1842. Educated in common schools. At fourteen years of age he engaged with Major Wyman of Skowhegan, to learn the trade of manufacturing shovel handles. At the end of two years he hired with Mr. Daniel Marston of Mt. Vernon, Kennebec county, Maine, remaining there until the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion.

After discharge from United States service, he again engaged in the shovel handle business with Mr. Holman Johnson at Wayne. On December 23d, 1865, was married to Miss Sarah Raymond of Fayette, Maine. Continued with Mr. Johnson twenty years. Eight years of this period conducted evenings and spare time a barber shop. In 1888 engaged with Mr. George W. Russell as foreman of his shovel handle works at Wilton, Franklin county, Maine, to which place the family was moved, that an advanced course in the schools might be taken by the children. At the end of two years, returned to Wayne to a farm previously purchased, since which time has been engaged in tilling the soil.

SERGEANT LESTER HOLWAY.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

I am living in the town of Fairfield on the farm that my grandfather settled on in early days. He and grandmother were the first couple married in the town. My life, with the exception of two years in Nebraska and three years in the war, has been spent on the old homestead.

I enlisted under Mathew B. Coffin and went to Augusta, and was promoted to Corporal in the 6th detachment. In 1863

was promoted to Sergeant of the 5th and took Will Friend's place, serving with the 5th until discharged. I was not away from the Battery a single day during the three years. I am a member of the G. A. R., also of the I. O. O. F. and the Grange. Am at the present time serving the fourth year in succession as one of the Selectmen of the town.

My family consists of my wife and one son (living) 19 years old. At the present time he is with me.

ORDERLY SERGEANT JUDSON AMES.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Early days spent on a farm and in addition to attending the common school attended a few terms at the Foxcroft Academy. At sixteen came to Augusta and was employed in the factory of the Augusta Shovel Company until the fall of 1861, when I enlisted among the first for the 4th Battery. Upon organization of the Battery was appointed Corporal in Sergeant Bangs' detachment, and January 1st, 1863, promoted to Sergeant of the 3d detachment in place of Sergeant Williams, who was promoted Quartermaster Sergeant. December 21st, 1864, was promoted First Sergeant, and in March was recommended for commission as Second Lieutenant, but before commission arrived the war closed. During three and a half years' service was off duty only two days on account of sickness. After close of the war was employed in a paper mill at Lisbon, Me., for about three years, and in 1868 entered the service of the National Telegraph Company, with headquarters at Portland, Me. In January, 1870, removed to New York City and after a few months in the city entered the employment of the A. & P. Tel. Co., and until 1888 was engaged in the construction department of different telegraph and telephone companies in New York State, living most of the time at Albany, but for short periods was at Buffalo, Poughkeepsie and Kingston. From 1888 to 1904 was with the Bell Telephone Company at Montreal as superintendent of construction in Montreal and vicinity. Now living at Foxcroft.

GEORGE BLAKE.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Have been engaged in farming a good part of the time since my discharge from the Battery, though I did a little soldiering after that, serving three years, from April, 1867, to April, 1870, in "K" Company, 31st and 22d United States Infantry, in Dakota. Have also worked at various occupations at different times in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Spent one winter in Florida, one summer in Black Hills, D. T., and the remainder of the time my address has been Mt. Vernon, Maine.

JOHN FOSS.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

John Foss was born in Skowhegan, Maine, in July, 1837. His parents were John and Hannah Grant Foss, honest, industrious and worthy people, who, with true patriotism, sent five of their six sons to fight for their country, the sixth being prevented from going only by the fact that he was a mere boy and could in no way get into the service.

Mr. Foss entered the service at the age of twenty-four years and served the three years for which he enlisted without a furlough, and was honorably discharged at the expiration of that time.

He was in all the engagements in which the Battery took part during his connection with it, extending from the battle of Cedar Mountain to the siege of Petersburg. He was one of the first men mustered into the Battery.

Since the war he has resided on a farm in Harmony, Me., and has the respect and esteem of all who know him. He has been married twice, and has three grown-up children.

JAMES F. CHANEY.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

A descendant of the ninth generation from John Cheney, who settled at Newburyport, Mass., in 1630, was born at Pishon's Ferry, Clinton, Me., February 22, 1845.

He enlisted in the Battery December, 1861, but owing to circumstances beyond his control, was a member of it at that time only one day. In September, 1862, he enlisted in the 24th Maine Regiment, was a member of it but twelve days when he enlisted for three years, once more into the Battery, and after being mustered into the service and obliged to stay in Camp Distribution at Alexandria for five months, he finally joined the Battery in March, 1863, then encamped at Harper's Ferry.

From this time on until the close of the war he was never absent from it, was never sick or wounded while in the service, and served most of the time as driver but part of the time as cannoncer in the fifth detachment.

In 1867 he entered Colby University and continued his studies there for two years, then entered Bowdoin College and graduated there in the class of '71 with the degree of A. B., and later received that of A. M.

From 1871 to 1875 he was engaged in the lumber business at Brunswick, Me., from '75 to '78 farming in Florida, from '79 to '83 mining and prospecting in Colorado, and since that in the coal business at Brunswick, Me. The first two business attempts were failures, the third successful, and the last moderately so. He has served as Selectman, School Committee, Superintendent of Schools, etc., but has never held other public office.

His first wife was Lucy A. Small of Bowdoin, who died in 1888. By her he has two boys and two girls now living. His present wife is Georgiana Frye. They have a pleasant home on the banks of the Androscoggin, where any old comrade of the Battery will always find the latch string out and a kindly greeting and hearty welcome on the inside.

JOHN MARLOR.

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

I was born in England and came to the United States when a child with my parents, who settled in Ohio, and some years after removed to Massachusetts.

I was visiting with a soldier friend who had just seen service in a Maine regiment and who was staying in Portland, when we

decided to enlist. We got separated in the camp at Portland and I never saw him afterwards. He died, as others did before him, in the service of his country.

After leaving camp at Portland we were sent to Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, and after remaining there a few days we were ordered on board the steamer Ashland, bound for City Point, Virginia, and after a rough passage we finally landed safely.

After resting a few days I with some others was assigned to do duty with the 4th Maine Battery, stationed in front of Petersburg.

Before proceeding with my story I wish to relate an incident which occurred to me at City Point, wherein I lost my shirt, and this is the way I lost it. After landing from the steamer in which we had been packed like so many sardines, I thought I would do a little washing on my own account, as the government didn't furnish washerwomen at that time, at least not to the high privates. My washing was not a large one, only a shirt, the job was done quickly, and as our stay here was limited I had to have that shirt dry some way or other. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone brightly, its rays falling on the side of a wooden building used as a prison for the Johnnies, and it occurred to me that that would be an excellent place to dry it.

I carried my washing over to the place and proceeded to pin it up against the building, being very careful to stretch out the arms so that it might dry altogether. I stepped back a few paces to admire my work, when, in an instant and in less time than it takes me to tell it, my shirt, the only spare shirt I had, was snatched through the cracks in the boards inside the prison before I could get there to save it, yet I was not over eight feet away from it. My comrades laughed at me and some of them being of an inquiring mind, wanted to know if there were any spirits around. I told them there was, but they were inside the prison.

I was never able to understand how it went through such a small aperture as a crack between two boards which was not over half an inch wide.

Our time expired and we were hurried up to the front, and it was dark when we reached our quarters. We spent the first night in a shanty that had been used as a cook house. After

eating our rations, I with a comrade stepped outside to get a view of our surroundings. As I stood looking around me, the scene reminded me of a display of fireworks on the Fourth of July, with the addition of iron and lead being mixed up with it in this display. I must confess that it made me think of home and those I left behind. I called my comrade's attention to the fact that we were going to receive a warm reception from our friends across the line. He replied it looked very much that way, and as he wiped his eye so that he could see clearer, he said, "By gracious, I wish I was in my father's barn." "Well," said I, "what good would that do you?" "Well," he replied, "I should dura soon be in the house with my mother." It was no joke for him, he was in dead earnest, but I have laughed over that episode a good many times.

I was assigned to the third section, sixth detachment, in charge of Sergeant Lester Holway, the next day, and became a part of the Battery, ready to do my duty in obeying all orders emanating from my superior officers.

In the course of time I was detailed for guard duty, and here occurred an incident in which the Orderly Sergeant, Judson Ames, became an interested party. I was on the third relief, it was cold and I didn't have any overcoat. Somehow or other the government or the contractor didn't make good connections with our Quartermaster Sergeant and I couldn't get one at present. Anyway, I stated to the Orderly Sergeant the predicament I was in, and he said that I might take his. I accepted his offer and thanked him. The next day I returned his coat, and when I was leaving his tent he said: "Marlor, I don't know when the Quartermaster Sergeant will receive those overcoats, but you can keep mine if you will let me draw the one you are entitled to." "Well," I said to myself, "one coat is as good as another," and I agreed to his proposition. In the course of three or four weeks I saw the Orderly Sergeant walking around with a brand new overcoat on, and it began to dawn on me then that the Orderly Sergeant had got the laugh on me, for I really think Judson must have drawn that coat I had when he first enlisted. No reflection on Judson, bless his soul, but he showed that he had an eye for business.

Sergeant Holway's term of service expired, he was glad he was going home, and to tell the truth we were sorry we could

not go with him. Jared Bates was our next Sergeant, a good man, none better, but Jared did not know all that was going on in his section, and it wasn't best he should on this occasion, because he might have taken a notion to make it interesting for those concerned. This transaction is where I with others got an idea in our heads that the Commissary Sergeant wasn't dealing out pork enough to us, and after considering the matter over very carefully, we decided that somebody must make a raid on the pork barrel which the Commissary Sergeant kept outside of his quarters. The matter was arranged and lots were drawn to see who should perform the service. The lot fell to me, but I always thought it was fixed so that I should get it, on account of my youth, I being the youngest member in that tent. Well, the time came for the excursion to be made. It was some time after taps had sounded, and darker than Egypt. I stepped outside the tent, with my heart in my mouth, and started for the barrel. I found it, reached inside of it and took the first piece I came to, about fifteen pounds I should think, concealed it under my overcoat and made my way back to the tent, where I was received with open arms. The pork was divided equally amongst us and for a few weeks we had pork enough. I don't think the Commissary Sergeant ever missed it; if he did he kept mum about it. These last two incidents occurred while the Battery was in fortification No. 10, just to the left of Fort Steadman, the caisson and horses being in the rear of these two forts. We remained here till after Thanksgiving, when we were ordered to take our position further down to the left in front of the cemetery and Fort Mahone on the rebel side, and while we remained here the Johnnies made it quite interesting for us, and we returned the compliment whenever the occasion required. The powers that be didn't think they had placed us just where they wanted to, so we were ordered still further to the left, one section taking position in one fort and the other section in another further down the line to the left. The Battery was split, one section in charge of the Captain and First Lieutenant, the other in charge of the newly made Second Lieutenant, an old veteran, but I have forgotten his name. It was here we remained in winter quarters, the section in charge of the Second Lieutenant being supported by the 11th New Hampshire Volunteers. Winter passed away, April came,

and with it orders for an advance all along the line. The skirmishers commenced the battle before daylight and before noon the fight was won, the siege of Petersburg was over, and with it went Richmond, the curtain fell, and the war was over.

The next orders were to go to City Point, turn the guns over to the proper authorities and report at Washington. It was at City Point that we received the news of Lincoln's death, and after remaining a few days the march to Washington was commenced. We crossed the James River, followed the river up to Richmond, passed through the city we had longed to see, and went on our way rejoicing. We next came to Fredericksburg, a place quite familiar to some of the older members of the Battery, from having had some experience there during the earlier years of the war. We passed on and finally came to camp with the artillery brigade at the foot of Fairfax Seminary, just outside of Alexandria. We remained here till after the grand review in Washington, when we were ordered home to Augusta to be discharged.

We left Washington and proceeded by rail to Baltimore and then to Philadelphia, where we arrived on Sunday morning, about as hungry a lot of boys as could be found. We were taken charge of by those ladies whose purpose it was to see that no soldier passed through that city without being provided with a good square meal. We appreciated the kindness shown to us and have no fear or doubt but what the recording angel gave them credit for it. After a short rest we pushed on through New Jersey and into New York, where we marched on to the steamer bound for Stonington, Conn. On our arrival there we boarded the Shore Line train bound for Boston. After our arrival the line of march was again taken up and we reported at the barracks on Beach street, a place we didn't fall in love with. The authorities didn't consult our taste, however, so we made the best of it, and the next afternoon we boarded one of the Kennebec steamers bound for Augusta. A happier lot of human beings couldn't be found than those who marched aboard that boat that afternoon.

Our arrival in Augusta was received with joy. It was a great ovation, the coming home from the front of the boys who took part in the great struggle for the Union. After the greeting was over, the line of march was again taken up for the last

time, and we proceeded to the campground close by the State House.

After we arrived in camp the roll was called and we were dismissed, to go where we thought best. Some went to their homes, others preferred to stay around the camp and city, till they went out of the service for good.

The next thing was the making out of the muster rolls and pay rolls. The Orderly Sergeant detailed myself and two others to assist him. The task, as I remember, was a monotonous one, but after a week's time was spent over them, we furnished them to the satisfaction of the proper authorities.

Just before we were mustered out we were photographed in the rear of the State House. I have one of those pictures in my possession now, and I often look at it as it hangs in a frame on the wall. The faces are familiar, but the names, I am sorry to say, a great many of them have passed from my memory.

The day we had been looking for so long came, the day we were to sever our connection with the government had arrived, the 17th day of June, when Paymaster Robie paid us off and mustered us out of the service. We were discharged and the curtain fell on the final scene of which we were a part, never to be gathered together again as a whole.

With these incidents and facts which I have outlined my connection with the Battery closes. I hope they will be of some assistance to the committee who have this matter in charge, at least I think one of the committee will be interested, as he played a leading part in the Battery movements and who will recall to memory the incident which he and I played together. I should be glad indeed to see him, and others, but my physical condition is such that I can't travel any great distance.

BY COMRADE BLAKE, MT. VERNON, ME.

Dear comrades of the old Fourth Maine,
Remember, you enlisted
The great Rebellion to put down,
Alone and unassisted.

You went down south and tramped about,
And tried it for a "spell,"
And though you did not quite succeed,
You heard a "rebel yell."

And then, ah! then, you had a taste
Of stern war's bitter fruits,
And thought it might be just as well
To have a few recruits.

But as the weeks and months went by,
You called for more and more,
And "On to Richmond!" was the cry,
Way down to sixty-four.

Although you had them "on the run,"
Each day brought something new.
For when you were not chasing them,
Why, they were chasing you!

And thus with turn and turn about,
Quite busy did they keep you.
A new contingent to the front,
We boys went down to help you.

You all remember well, I know,
How next the fun began,
When at Germania Ford we crossed
The river Rappahannock.

With General Grant to show the way,
The still persistent "Yank"
Sought out the rebel front one day,
The next we tried their flank.

But let us flank them as we would,
By right or left the same,
Their gallant leader always stood
Between us and our game.

And let us stop a moment here,
A tribute just to give,
For braver men have never died,
And braver do not live,

Than those who fought against us there,
Outnumbered as they were,
Those men who marched and fought on foot,
And those who wore the spur.

But to the story to return:
Through all that long campaign,
Among the sturdy "boys in blue,"
Marched on the old Fourth Maine.

Down through the bloody Wilderness,
And Spottsylvania passed,
Cold Harbor tried them once again,
There, too, they held us fast.

Yet there, once more, their flank we sought,
And moving past their right,
We started off for Petersburg.
And beat them out of sight.

There, too, again, by slight delay,
Unlooked for, unforeseen,
The "chance of war" has had its sway,
And not what might have been.

Could those men in advance have known,
How near they were to winning,
They might have made that one last charge,
And sent the Johnnies spinning.

When tired out, and beaten back,
For morning light they waited,
And then made ready to attack,
With courage unabated.

They found, although the end seemed near,
It was not yet to be.
They found awaiting them once more
The valiant hosts of Lee.

Oh! but we may not tell it all,
Indeed, 'twere vain to try.
Enough that men by thousands fall,
And men by thousands die.

'Tis part of history to-day,
And those who care to read
May find the Southern's valor matched
By still as brave a deed.

And through the long and deadly siege,
With carnage all abounding,
All those who cared to listen heard
The Fourth Maine guns still pounding.

And now, dear comrades, as our guns
Have long since ceased their clamor,
And as the tired cannoneer
Has laid aside the rammer,

We all admit the time is past
For bluster and for boasting.
To tell the simple truth at last,
'Twas give and get a roasting.

Let others boast whate'er they may,
When ordered to unlimber,
We tried the order to obey,
And seldom "took to timber."

'Tis true, we never lost a gun,
Nor had a prisoner taken;
For though we never "saved the day,"
We always "saved our bacon."

Again 'tis true, and we admit,
With reference to the latter,
There were times when we thought it best
To limber up and scatter.

And as from year to year we stand
Around the baked bean platter,
To take each comrade by the hand,
Then limber up and scatter.

May each year closer, closer, bind,
And may the tie grow stronger,
Until, the last handshaking done,
We meet on earth no longer,

And out into the great unknown,
My comrade, friend, and brother,
Poor human hearts have warmer grown
In beating for each other.

And, too, whatever be beyond
The casket and the pall,
The great, warm, loving heart of God
Is beating for us all.

CHAPTER XI.

REUNIONS.

From almost the very first of our reunions the matter of the history of the Battery was talked and a new historian appointed every year, the following comrades having served in that capacity—James A. Jones, Ethel H. Jones, H. H. Powers, Henry C. Cony and Abial Chandler—but the time of each of these men was so taken up with other business that they could not give the matter the time it required.

Abial Chandler, having had experience as newspaper correspondent, wrote and compiled more than all of the others had up to 1896, so that what he had done, with the little the others had accomplished, formed a nucleus for the actual beginning of the History.

Comrade Judson Ames, who lived in Montreal, Canada, yet who managed to attend almost every reunion of the Battery, was one of the very first to agitate the publishing of a History and was on hand each year to jog the memories of the boys in regard to the matter. He probably has done more than all the others, excepting perhaps Comrade Ethel H. Jones, in the way of correspondence, collecting dates, etc. While each and every member was willing to help in regard to it, yet it seemed to many of them almost too great a job to be carried through, for in addition to all the work of collecting material, compiling the same, etc., there was the question of raising between three and four hundred dollars to get the book published and bound.

At first the intentions were to have a larger book, containing cuts of many of the comrades, which would be quite expensive.

Things went on year after year and very little was done toward the completion of the book, but Comrade Ames kept

dinging away like a telephone girl until he had succeeded in ringing up the whole Battery and making them aware of the fact that the History must and should be printed.

At the fourteenth reunion, held at Skowhegan, E. H. Jones, Judson Ames and Mrs. C. M. Williams were appointed a committee to complete the History. Marion Mills was appointed treasurer of the History fund and up to the year 1900 had collected from the members about seventy-five dollars, with pledges from others, which would increase the fund nearly enough to pay for the printing and binding of the book.

I will here insert an extract copied from the record of the fifteenth reunion:

"A considerable portion of the time at the business meeting was taken up discussing the means by which funds should be raised to complete the History of the Battery.

Remarks were made by Comrades E. H. Jones, Ames, Sturdy, Bangs and others; finally the following was offered in writing by Comrade Bangs and accepted by the association and ordered to be spread upon the record:

Voted, that the committee on the History of the Fourth Maine Battery be and are hereby instructed to continue the completion of the same and when completed ascertain the cost, which shall not exceed two dollars per copy. Thereafter that they procure all subscriptions possible, stating in the prospectus what the cost will be, and that when the same has been finished they proceed to have a sufficient number of copies published to fill orders for the same, and we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves individually and collectively to guarantee the cost to the committee.

Signed:

A. S. Bangs, C. A. Sturdy, Wm. H. Brooks, Jos. B. French, Fester Holway, Judson Ames, Ethel H. Jones, A. L. Brown, D. O. Dearborn."

On motion of Comrade Ames, Comrade A. S. Bangs was added to the Committee on History, but Comrade Bangs resigned, as he could not give the matter the attention it required.

Soon after this Mrs. C. M. Williams died, which was a great drawback to the progress of the book.

At our twentieth annual reunion, in 1900, Comrade E. H.

Jones made a long report in regard to the History, stating what had been done and that it was nearly read for the publisher. He said while he had been of some assistance in pushing the matter and that in the death of Mrs. Williams the committee had suffered an irreparable loss, yet he wished it distinctly understood that if the History was published all honor must be given to Comrade Judson Ames for his indefatigable zeal from start to finish.

Undoubtedly had Comrade Jones lived the book would have been published four years ago, but he died in September, 1901, with the History still unfinished. By his death almost all of the members of the association were discouraged about the completion of the book. Comrade Ames was now the only member of the committee left, yet he persevered and has carried through the plan of having a History of the Fourth Maine Battery published.

REUNIONS OF THE FOURTH MAINE BATTERY.

It would seem but fitting in the history of the Fourth Maine Battery that some mention should be made of the Fourth Maine Battery Association, which was organized in Augusta on June 21, 1882, seventeen years after the close of the war.

For several years prior to that, as comrades would accidentally meet each other, each would express a wish that there might be a reunion of the old Battery.

In the winter of 1881-2 it was talked over by the comrades in Augusta until they got so enthusiastic over it that in April, 1882, a party made up as follows—A. S. Bangs and wife, Wm. H. Brooks and wife, J. M. Allen and wife, Ethel H. and James A. Jones and wives, and Mrs. C. M. Williams, relict of Sergeant Cyrus M. Williams, met at the house of James A. Jones and arranged a temporary organization, electing A. S. Bangs president and James A. Jones secretary, with instructions to ascertain the whereabouts of all the members possible and send out notices calling for a reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery at G. A. R. Hall, Augusta, on June 21, 1882.

Mrs. C. M. Williams was of great aid in organizing our first reunion and all subsequent ones until her death which occurred in 1900. In fact all of the ladies were of much assistance to us in perfecting the organization, so it was voted at that time

that the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the comrades should be made members of the association, and from that time they have continued to be a part of it and have looked forward to the annual reunion with as much pleasure as the comrades themselves.

I herewith copy from the record of our first reunion:

Augusta, Me., June 21, 1882.

Fourth Maine Battery first reunion.

At eleven o'clock the meeting was called to order by Comrade A. S. Bangs and at once proceeded to business.

On motion of Comrade Abel Davis, a committee of three was appointed to receive, sort and count votes for the election of officers; the following comrades were appointed: James M. Allen, Calvin H. C. Dearborn and H. M. Wentworth, who reported as follows: For president, A. S. Bangs, Augusta; vice president, Abel Davis, New Portland; secretary, James A. Jones, Augusta; treasurer, Wm. H. Brooks, Augusta.

On motion of Comrade George B. Crane, a committee of three was appointed on resolutions. The following comrades were appointed: George B. Crane, H. H. Powers, James A. Jones.

A committee on business was then appointed, consisting of M. S. Philbrick, O. O. Vitum, Lester Holway.

On motion of Comrade Brooks, adjourned until two o'clock.

Dinner was served at twelve, the old veterans keeping up their former reputation for getting away with a large amount of yellow-eyed beans.

The ladies who accompanied them added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At two o'clock the meeting was again called to order. Speeches were made by several of the comrades, committees reported and resolutions were read and adopted.

Supper was served at six and in the evening a campfire was held and all appeared to have enjoyed our first reunion very much, many remaining over until the next day.

There is one little incident in connection with that reunion of which the writer has thought many times and it shall not be out of place to mention it here. Notices had been given in the papers that a reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery would be held in Augusta on such a date, etc. The day before the reunion a young reporter came to me, saying he had read in the

paper that we were to hold a reunion, and made some inquiries in regard to the Battery, concerning which I gave him all the information I could. As he was about to go he turned and said: "About how many special police will the marshal call out for the day?" To say I was astonished but feebly expresses it. I repeated "Special police!" and then used the identical words that Vanderbilt used to a reporter later on, viz., "Public be damned," and asked him with considerable spirit what in sheal, or some word to that effect, and I think I added the word "damnation," did he suppose we wanted of special police. I told him that the very worst element of the Battery lived here, and named over the Augusta boys, saying that even those had managed to get along thus far without the interference of the police.

He evidently supposed that if a body of ex-soldiers came together that they would attempt to run the city, and to protect the lives and property of our citizens that an extra police force must be called out. He redeemed himself, however, in his report in the paper. During the day I had introduced him to Hebron N. Wentworth, mayor of the city of Gardiner, Dr. George B. Crane, Abel Davis, Esq., and others, also some of the ladies, not forgetting to inquire if he thought we needed the police force enlarged on our account.

In his nice, long report he spoke of the good behavior and gentlemanly bearing of the comrades and of their fine-looking ladies, and hoped it would be his privilege to meet with us again. The list of forty-eight members who were in attendance at the reunion was given to the reporter for publication before the names were recorded in the Battery book, hence they do not appear here, but as I glance over our second reunion I will give the names of those who attended that.

Of our second reunion perhaps I can do no better than to copy the record, but as space is limited I will be able to only glance along at the others.

MARANOCOOK LAKE, August 16, 1883.

Fourth Maine Battery second reunion.

Thirty-eight members of the Battery present, most of them accompanied by their wives and children.

The meeting was called to order by President Bangs, who made a few appropriate remarks of greeting to the comrades.

Remarks were also made by Comrades Abel Davis, Owen, Lieutenant Coffin and others.

Comrades E. H. Jones, Abel Davis and Howard Owen were appointed as committee to prepare a list of officers for the ensuing year. Meeting adjourned for refreshments, to meet again for business at 2 P. M.

Afternoon session.—First business in order was reports of committees. The chairman of the committee reported as follows: President, A. S. Bangs, Augusta; vice presidents, M. B. Coffin, Winthrop, Abel Davis, New Portland; secretary, James A. Jones, Augusta; treasurer, Wm. H. Brooks, Augusta; executive committee, Marion Mills, Skowhegan, H. M. Wentworth, Gardiner, J. M. Freeman, Bethel, Howard Owen, Augusta.

The report was by vote unanimously accepted.

President Bangs made some feeling remarks, thanking the comrades most heartily for the honor conferred but absolutely declining to serve a third term. The comrades very reluctantly consented to the retirement of Comrade Bangs, and on motion of Comrade Owen, Senior Vice President Coffin was elected to fill the vacancy, Comrade Davis was elected as senior vice president and Maurice Philbrick as junior vice president. President Coffin came forward and thanked the comrades for the trust reposed in him and hoped the Fourth Maine Battery Association would continue to hold their meetings until their ranks were reduced to the one-half of a "baker's dozen."

Comrade Owen made some very pleasing remarks in regard to holding our reunions in the future by ourselves instead of going in with the whole State of Maine. He said that mixing in, overshadowed the little band of the old Fourth Maine to such an extent that it made the reunion this year a partial failure, and that while our neighbors may be just as good as our own families, yet we liked our own families the best. All the comrades present concurred with the views of Comrade Owen, and Comrade Davis said that he thought it much better to be "a king among toads than to be a toad among kings."

The matter of organizing an association of all the Maine batteries was discussed at some length and the secretary instructed to correspond with other associations of Maine batteries in regard to it.

Voted to hold the next reunion at Skowhegan. The following is a list of those present:

A. S. Bangs, Augusta, Me.; M. B. Coffin, Maranocook, Me.; Wm. H. Brooks, Augusta, Me.; Ethel H. Jones, Augusta, Me.; James A. Jones, Augusta, Me.; Geo. W. Moore, Auburn, Me.; Henry C. Cony, Auburn, Me.; Jere. Buckley, Lewiston, Me.; Joseph B. French, No. Fayette, Me.; John A. King, Fayette, Me.; Amasa P. Weston, Skowhegan, Me.; Marion Mills, Skowhegan, Me.; Leonard H. Lincoln, Athens, Me.; Abel Davis, New Portland, Me.; D. O. Dearborn, Everett, Mass.; Solon Robertson, Middleboro, Mass.; Frank Gilson, Farmington, N. H.; John W. Amazeen, Farmington, N. H.; Emery L. Hunton, Readfield, Me.; Geo. W. McKenney, West Embden, Me.; C. H. C. Dearborn, Mt. Vernon, Me.; Chas. R. Kittredge, Mt. Vernon, Me.; F. C. Foss, Mt. Vernon, Me.; Sewell Dolloff, Mt. Vernon, Me.; E. M. Dearborn, Mt. Vernon, Me.; Henry B. Stevens, So. Norridgewock, Me.; Lester Holway, North Fairfield, Me.; Amaziah Southard, Brunswick, Me.; H. H. Powers, Pittsfield, Me.; Chas. Crymble, No. Anson, Me.; Robert Gordon, Readfield, Me.; David Clifford, Readfield, Me.; John Foss, Harmony, Me.; Chas. L. Jones, Livermore, Me.; Oliver Dnd Welch, Fayette, Me.; Moses T. Bean, Vienna, Me.; Chas. H. Sally, Atkinson, Me.; Old Chas. Dean, East Madison, Me.; A. B. Frost, Newport, Me.; Chas. Eldridge, So. Gardiner, Me.; P. F. Hurd, Athens, Me.

Our reunions have been held at Augusta, Maranocook, Skowhegan, Auburn, Pittsfield, No. Anson, Bethel, Peaks Island, Farmington, Norridgewock and Waterville. In most of those places we have met twice or more. As space is limited I can only give a passing glance at the most of them. But all who have attended will agree with me in saying that each city or town seemed to out-do the others in the way of making our meetings a success, and there were no failures in any of them.

Bethel having been the home of Captain Robinson, also the home of Comrades Frank Bartlett, Abial Chandler, Lieuts. Kimball and Freeman and other members of the battery, we decided to hold our ninth reunion there and I will copy from the record something of that meeting there. The ninth reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery Association was held at G. A. R. Hall, Bethel, June 24, 1891.

A goodly number of the boys accompanied by their ladies were present and we had one of the best times we have had since the organization of the association.

Dinner served at twelve, business meeting at two at which President Ames made a few feeling remarks in regard to the death of our secretary Henry C. Cony, also Comrades Charles B. Patterson and J. H. Goodwin who had died since the last meeting.

The committee appointed to present names for officers for the ensuing year reported as follows:

President, John M. Freeman; vice-president, Lester Holway; secretary, James A. Jones; treasurer, Geo. F. Sturtevant.

All were unanimously elected but President Freeman absolutely refused to serve. Comrade Holway was elected to fill the vacancy and he also declined to serve. D. O. Dearborn was then elected president. He was surprised and was on the point of declining when he was again surprised by the ladies seizing him and not only holding him in his seat but by placing their hands over his mouth rendered speech impossible, therefore he made no objections.

At three P. M. the grave of Capt. Robinson was visited and beautifully decorated by the members of the battery. In the evening we again assembled at Ideal Hall where an interesting program was carried out. Judge Woodbury offered prayer, Judge Enoch Foster delivered the address of welcome to which Comrade Bangs responded. Speeches were made by Comrades Kimball, Davis, Old Dean and others.

Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment Col. Edwards' old company, held a reunion here the same day so all business was virtually suspended and the people turned their attention to the reunions.

The boys are deserving of much credit for their gentlemanly conduct while here, everyone conducted himself in such a manner as to gain the respect of all the citizens. Let us on all occasions strive to fulfil our duty to ourselves, our country and our God so that when our last battle has been fought our last earthly reunion ended we may join the grand army of peace in the shining tents upon the eternal company ground above.

At Skowhegan the home of Capt. White, Marion Mills, Harville and others, several of our reunions have been held. All of them will be remembered with pleasure and for their success much credit is due Comrade Mills and wife who spared them-

selves no amount of labor to make everybody happy, and to see that none went away disappointed.

We all remember with pleasure our reunion at Auburn where Comrade George Moore and wife and Comrade Geo F. Sturtevant and wife spared no pains to make a success of our meeting.

At Pittsfield Comrade Davis and wife and Comrade H. H. Powers and wife worked with the same zeal with the same results.

At North Anson Comrades Charles Crymble, George McKenney, Ambrose Vittum and their wives, Lyman G. Brown, Octave Thompson, and others from adjoining towns should come in for their share in the glory of the successful reunions held in their town.

None of us who attended the meeting at Farmington will ever forget the royal entertainment given us by Comrades A. J. Gerry and Silas Perham and their wives.

At Waterville we remember with pleasure the kindness of Comrades Chas. B. Frost and Andrew A. Lakin and their wives, who received us. At the campfire Comrade Frost declared he had not had so good a time since he had the smallpox down at Little Washington, W. Va.

Our sixteenth reunion was held at Norridgewock, the former home of Lieut. H. F. Eaton, Henry B. Stevens and perhaps others, whom I do not recall to mind. This was a most enjoyable occasion as Lieut. Eaton met with us, coming from his home in Ludden, No. Dak. We had a good attendance of the boys and their ladies. Many of the comrades had not met Lieut. Eaton since the close of the war. Landlord Cahill of the new hotel threw open his house for us. The spacious dining-room was handsomely decorated and a fine orchestra furnished music while one hundred guests, comprised of the battery boys and their families, members of the Bates Post, and the Relief Corps sat down to well filled tables.

After the business meeting, which followed the dinner, the visitors looked over the town then returned to the hotel for supper, during which short speeches were made and cheers long and loud were given for mine host and hostess, Bates Post, Ladies' Relief Corps, Lieut. Eaton and the citizens of Norridgewock in general. The company was so hilarious that a little

child present asked his mother if old soldiers always made such a noise at the table.

In the evening speeches were made by Lieut. Eaton, Mrs. Sergeant Williams and others, fine music was furnished by a choir and everything passed off to the satisfaction of all present.

The following tribute to the wife of Comrade Abel Davis, who had passed away since our last reunion, was offered by Mrs. C. M. Williams: "In behalf of the women of the Fourth Maine Battery Association I wish to offer a tribute of a few words to the memory of one of our number, who a few months ago closed her eyes to all earthly scenes, Mrs. Angie Rogers Davis, wife of Comrade Abel Davis. Although her connection with the association was of comparatively recent date, yet she was one of our most enthusiastic members. We recall with pleasure her bright, cheery greetings, her interest in all that pertained to our gatherings, and her readiness to do all she could to add to the pleasure of our meetings. We feel a sense of personal loss as the sad thought comes to our hearts, that her presence will no longer cheer our reunions, but we look forward to another reunion in the happier clime where the inhabitants will never say 'I am sick.' We tender our sympathy to him whose home has been made desolate by her departure."

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Miss Cahill, and a long list of resolutions was presented which closed up as follows:

Whereas during the year some of our members have been called upon to part with loved ones and we wish to extend our sympathies to them in their affliction, therefore be it

Resolved, That expressions of our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy be conveyed to our sorrowing comrades. To Comrade Davis we especially extend our sympathy in his hours of loneliness; to Comrade D. O. Dearborn and wife we extend deep sympathy.

HAMLIN E. EATON,
JUDSON AMES,
ETHEL H. JONES.

At the annual reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery Association held at Norridgewock June 22, it was resolved, "That greetings be sent to the 1st Me. Regiment, now in camp at Chickamauga and that we are glad to know, that among their num-

ber are sons of our comrades, who, more than a generation ago followed the old flag for more than three years from Cedar Mountain to Appomattox. May the same spirit of loyalty, patriotism and faithfulness to duty that animated the father be shown by the sons."

C. A. STURDY, *President*.

JAMES A. JONES, *Secretary*.

At our eighteenth annual reunion held in Augusta in June, 1900, the secretary reported that four deaths had occurred during the year, viz.: H. M. Wentworth, Amaziah Southard, Lewis Ware and Mrs. C. M. Williams. The following resolutions were passed on the death of the comrades and Mrs. Williams:

Resolved, That it is with sadness that we learn of the death of Comrades Ware, Southard and Wentworth; that their names will ever be dear to our memory as true and loyal members of our order and faithful comrades. We also are made sad by the death of Mrs. Jennie Williams, relict of our late Comrade Cyrus M. Williams. She passed away on June 14, 1900. Be it also

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Williams, we have lost a true and tried friend, an active member of our association, a beloved and useful woman, whose loss the community will mourn; that she will ever hold a place in our memory as a useful member of our organization, ever prompt and ready for duty. She was one of the eleven who started this association and has given much time and attention to its meetings. Every member of this order will miss her kindly face and cheering words, and by her exalted views and elevated thoughts her presence was essentially necessary to our happiness. In the church she was a devoted Christian, true to its tenets, and just in the work. As a neighbor she was always obliging and unselfish. Uplifting in thought she advanced from a lower to a higher state, from darkness to light, from death to life, from error to truth, and "Well done good and faithful servant," will be said as she enters the haven of rest.

Resolved, That we tender to the friends of the deceased our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their bereavement. That these resolutions be spread upon the records and a copy be sent to the friends of the deceased.

ETHEL H. JONES,	} <i>Committee on</i>
IDA MOORE,	
A. J. GERRY,	
	} <i>Resolutions.</i>

At our twentieth reunion held in Skowhegan, the secretary reported seven deaths, during the year, viz.: Chas. A. Allen, Ethel H. Jones, Chas. Eldridge, John B. Holbrook, Madison Wright, John A. King and Cornelius Dutton. Resolutions were passed on the death of the above members.

By death only has there anything occurred to mar the pleasure of our meetings. At our various reunions we have had a great many good things for our campfire entertainment in the way of speeches, songs, readings, music, etc., but perhaps none were ever more pleasing than a little poem read at Augusta by Mrs. Ella Jones Benson. The author's name is not given but the poem is entitled,

THE LITTLE BROWN BUTTON.

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are thoughts of the days when he still wore the blue,
While memory recalls every trial and danger
And scenes of the past are brought back to his view.
Though long since discarding their arms and equipments,
There's one thing a veteran most surely will note;
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade,
Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

Chorus: The little brown button,
The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army button,
He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier
"That little flat button you wear on your coat."
"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,
"And four years of marching and fighting to boot."
The wealth of the world I cannot purchase this emblem,
Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue;
And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who in honor and country was true.

CHORUS.

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button,
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold.
Fraternalists welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be raised the token so dear.
But millions to come will remember with honor,
The man who'd the right that bronze button to wear.

With our twenty-third reunion held in Augusta, June 21, 1905, you are all so familiar there is not much need of jogging your memories. The meeting was called to order by President H. H. Powers. A goodly number were present.

Address of welcome by Mayor Hichborn, response by Abel Davis, Esq.

At the business meeting the association voted for the committee on history to proceed to have the book published and make the best terms they could for the same.

Officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Peter F. Hurd, Athens; vice-president, John Foss, Harmony; secretary, James A. Jones, Augusta; treasurer, Marion Mills, Skowhegan.

Mrs. Ethel H. Jones contributed ten dollars to be added to the history fund.

Remarks were made by Comrade A. S. Bangs who is always at his best at reunions, also by Comrade Abel Davis, who is always on hand, Comrade James F. Cheney and others.

The usual resolutions were passed. Voted to meet at Oakland, 1906. Had there been no reunions there would have been no battery history published.

May they continue to be held, as Lient. Coffin remarked, as long as there is half of a "baker's dozen" left, is the prayer of your humble servant

JAMES A. JONES.

PRESIDENTS OF FOURTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION.

1st, A. S. Bangs,	Augusta, Me.
2d, M. B. Coffin,	Maranocook, Me.
3rd, Wm. H. Brooks,	Augusta, Me.
4th, Abel Davis,	Pittsfield, Me.
5th, James A. Jones,	Augusta, Me.
6th, D. O. Dearborn,	Everett, Mass.
7th, Marion Mills,	Skowhegan, Me.
8th, Judson Ames,	Montreal, Canada.
9th, Lester Holway,	No. Fairfield, Me.
10th, Jos. B. French,	S. Chesterville, Me.
11th, Ethel H. Jones,	Augusta, Me.
12th, F. C. Foss,	Mt. Vernon, Me.
13th, C. A. Sturdy,	Togus, Me.

14th, Silas Perham,	Farmington, Me.
15th, Abel Davis,	Pittsfield, Me.
16th, Chas. W. Frost,	Waterville, Me.
17th, James A. Jones,	Augusta, Me.
18th, H. H. Powers,	Pittsfield, Me.
19th, Peter F. Hurd,	Athens, Me.

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